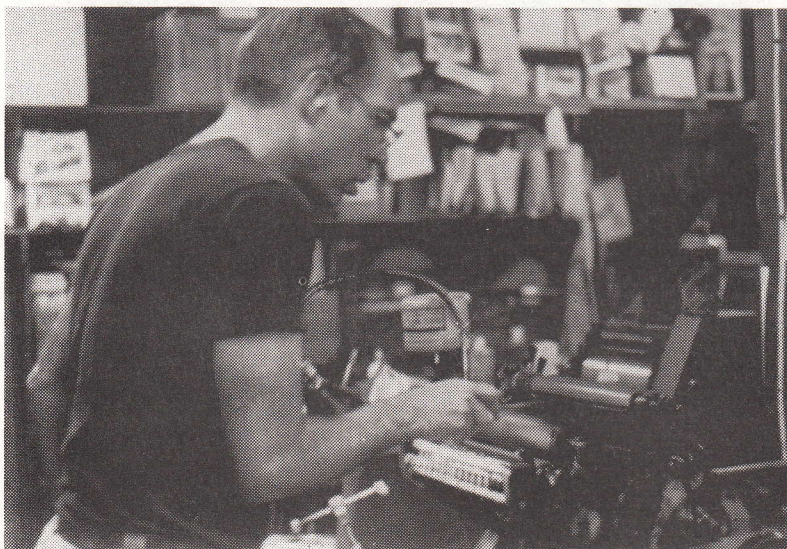


Bob "Who's ya Bob" Dicke: The head of our shop, Bob is one of the most dedicated men you can find. His quiet but reassuring presence always helps keep the Pub Shop from becoming too chaotic.

Ian "Circle of One" Jackson: Ian has gained a new title this summer, to join "Crazy Legs", "Come to bed eyes", and "Action." Which one do you like best?

Steve "Pizza" Newman: He inhabited our shop once again this summer. He prints. He makes rather bad jokes. He prints. He dances funny. He prints. He sings badly. He prints.

Sandro "I'm afraid of garden snakes" Weiss: The coolest male writing counselor (all right, so he's the only male writing counselor), Sandro wears a baseball cap -- so that he doesn't have to gel his hair in the morning. He's scared of snakes, especially those that appear during yearbook meetings.



Ya Bob!!

Denise "Hot tamale eater extraordinaire" Dowling: She wears the funkier pants and supplies the shop with the hippest of music. Thanks to her, we "boogied down" during the endless circle of collation.

Kathy "Sweetheart" Wojciechowski: She supplied us with iced/hot tea and advised us all on how to do the most creative free writes with the most interesting words. She was always there to sort out shop animosities, and her cheerful green Wojo on the bottom of layout copy was always reassuring.

Zobyn "What planet is she from anyway?" Eversole: Zobyn amused our shop this summer with her acting skills, her languages, and her craving for black licorice tea. 'Nuff said.

Josh "What did you say the computer was doing?" Berson: Josh abandoned us to five horrible monsters (the computers) halfway through the summer. Till the end, he still insisted that "cooking is sensuous."

Mike "I need an assistant" Hingley: Mike tattooed practically the entire camp. And outlasted two assistants. (He's working on the third.) Back at Buck's Rock after a two-year absence, he just couldn't stay away.

Sue "Townie" Consaga: Sue came to us from far away (New Milford). She made a late entrance into the Pub shop, but her amazing layout of everything in sight was certainly a godsend. And how about those massages -- like a Mac Truck rolling over your spine.

Rikki "Rabid Squirrel" Bishop: Rikki's book of Victorian cartoons is guaranteed to bring, at the very least, a smile. When was that deadline again?

Randee "Have you seen a folder lying around?" Schneider: Randee continually forgot to credit her work. However, those of us who realized it, quietly corrected the mistake. With her bright smile and hot pink folder, she was a Pubbie hard to miss.

Lisa "Red Ribbon" Sklar: Lisa had her fill of pizza this summer. Lisa contributed to each

department, despite the fact that she was a production editor. She's just too good to be wasted on any one aspect of the shop.

Serena "Can I use the printer for a sec?" Silver: Serena averaged five nervous breakdowns a day but rebounded nicely from each of them. We all agree that Serena is overworked and underpaid.

Brandon "It could be a novel" Goldstein: Brandon has finally finished his clock poem and mastered the puzzle game. Lisa's still better at it though.

Josh "I can't believe I'm in Pub" Blumberg: Josh never worked in Pub before he accepted his position as writing editor. Over the course of three weeks, Josh became a mainstay of Publications High Society. (In other words, he's a Pubbie now.)

Mike "I need moral support" Feldman: Mike took pleasure in pushing the moral support staff to the limit. However, between his really, really, really awful puns and his hardworking mentality, he became a fixture of Pub, almost always found sitting in front of a Mac.

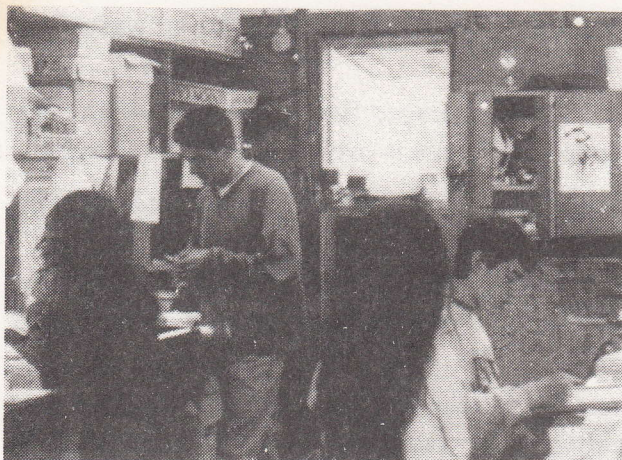
Arie "Sidekick" Rubenstein: Arie's computer connections were a great asset to the Pub Shop's five computers. He was always happy to run down and get us some more wires, and he made a nice little sign for the printer which reads, "LEAVE PLASTIC DOWN WHEN PRINTING!!!"

Emily "I have a concussion" Ryan Lerner: Emily's great attention to detail and perfection was shown best when, to acquire the perfect editorial photo, she had her father Federal Express her one from home.

Nick "No 'y' " Cammer Malis: The return of Nick's comic characters, Joe and Shmoe, on an autograph page was startling. Aside from his comic-drawing skills, Nick has continued to lay out pages and do overlays in short amounts of time.



The one and only Jan 'Crazy Legs Circle Of One Action.' Jackson



Cut and paste.. Cut and paste.. Cut and paste....

Jen "I'm not Josh's sister, he's my brother" Berson: Jen emerged from under her brother's shadow in the Pub shop this summer. She surprised both us and herself by the way she took to printing.

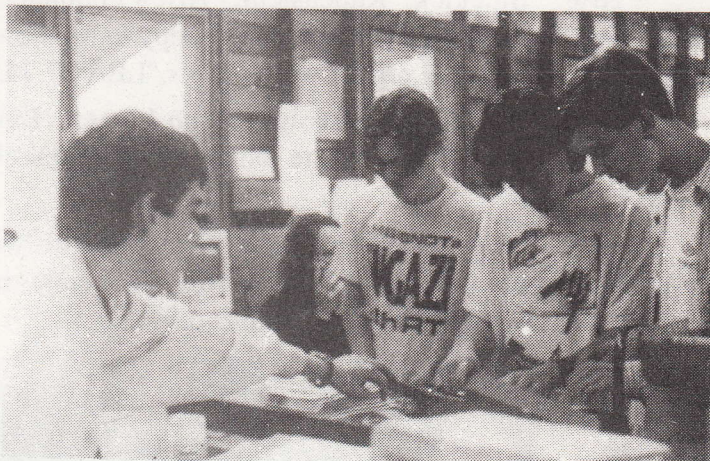
Paul "I must be out of my mind" Tuchmann: Paul arrived just in time for crush week. Paul has been officially declared "Shrink Wrap King of New England." He proofs pretty well too.

Well, if you're reading this, it means that we managed to finish Mosaic on time, as well as hold your interest throughout this ridiculously long shop article. At the moment we still have about 150 runs to go. Wait, this went to three pages . . . make that 151! AAAAAAAH!!!

Matt "Lack of fashion sense" Velick: Matt added a nice clash to the art and layout staff. He darted back and forth, from his coffin in sculpture to his chair in Pub.

Molly "Can I be backrub queen?" Bloom: Molly pleasantly surprised us all with bagels and hot tamales. We were very pleasantly surprised. She's also doodled all over our happy shop. (Well, just the chairs.)

Nicole "I'm writing a play and it's very long" Diamond: Nicole's sweet comforting presence helped keep the Pub shop cool. Then again, so did the rain.



How many people does it take to bind a directory?



Serena J. Silver
Randee J. Schneider
Mike Feldman
Lisa Sklar

Tender loving care for the Pub Shop Garden.

A very special 'Thanx' to Daniel 'I'll meet any deadline' Walfish for taking time to photograph our little olde shoppe

Temple of Swords

It was dark in the temple of swords when it happened; but then it always does seem to be dark at times like that. Doesn't it? Ask any horror writer, or fan for that matter. They'll tell you. Perhaps I should clarify. I know I'm getting ahead of myself.

I was ten years old when it happened. Ten going on eleven as I liked to say to taunt my friend Ian. I was nine months older than him and never let him forget it. So that summer I was "ten going on eleven" while he was still a lowly "just turned ten." It was the last week of August. Still two whole weeks until school began.

Ian had finally gotten back from his summer home and today was the first day I could see him. All summer I had sat home with nothing to do but read, and I had some amazing ideas for what to play. I was always the idea man in our games. The true believer. Ian would play make-believe games, but his heart was never in them. His loss in the end.... But again, I digress.

That morning my brain was bubbling with all its ideas and I ran over to Ian's house as the sun rose. We hadn't seen each other in almost two months, a subjectively long time, and of course hadn't written, but we fell back into our old pattern of friendship without so much as a "How was your summer?"

"Hi man," Ian shouted as he bounced to the door. "Let's get outta here." He ducked behind me and began running up to the woods. The woods were our favorite spot. Our haven, perhaps, from the rough and tumble world of Warren Harding Elementary School. In a few more years it probably would have been where we went to drink beers swiped from our parents and talk about girls. It would have been...if we hadn't found the temple of swords. But again, I out-distance myself. I must learn to stop doing that.

On this day no such heavy thoughts burdened the minds of either Ian or myself and we played blithely all day, with only a short lunch to interrupt. At about six o'clock Ian looked up. "Hey man, my Mom's gonna be callin' me for dinner soon. Let's go up where we can't hear her." I started up the path we normally used to stay out of earshot but Ian stopped me. "Let's go up this one," he said, gesturing to a path in the opposite direction. That was a place we had been expressly forbidden to go, time and time again. It was where the "big kids," the high school motorcycle gangs, hung out. I stayed on the path, not sure if I was ready to face the "big kids" yet.

Ian gave me a look of pure disgust. "Come on Keith. Are you," he curled his lip, "Scared?" That did it. No word fires ten-year-old machismo like "scared." I turned around and charged up the overgrown path. Ian snorted then and followed me, having to take two of his short steps to each of my longer ones.

Soon we came to a fork in the path. One side was obviously the motorcycle route and the other was hardly recognizable as a path, just a slight thinning of the vegetation. Curiosity piqued and ego still wounded, I turned up this one. Such a simple decision, and such a horrible choice.

The path had many forks and twists and we went further and further astray. Finally, when I felt as though we must be in the very heart of the woods, the path ended abruptly as it ran into a large pine tree. I peered around the trunk of the tree and stopped dead. Ian came up behind me. "Hey, what's wrong?" I shushed him urgently.

The sight which struck such awe into the heart of an arrogant little boy was -- the temple of swords.

I stood there for several moments, mouth agape and eyes nearly bursting in their sockets. The source of this reaction stood in the center of the clearing. It was a tall stone column or tower. I couldn't see any marks indicating where any separate stones had been placed, but it was too symmetrical and smooth to be natural. It was simply a smooth round stone pillar, maybe six feet wide and stretching twenty upwards. I approached it slowly, one palm held outward, in greeting, I suppose. I stopped walking when my hand made contact with the stone. It burned with a cold deeper than ice and I felt the chill travel up my arm and spread through my whole body. I stood there, transfixed, until Ian came up behind me and touched my shoulder.

"Shoot man, you're like an ice cube!" he said, snatching his hand away. "What are you doing?" he added in a softer tone.

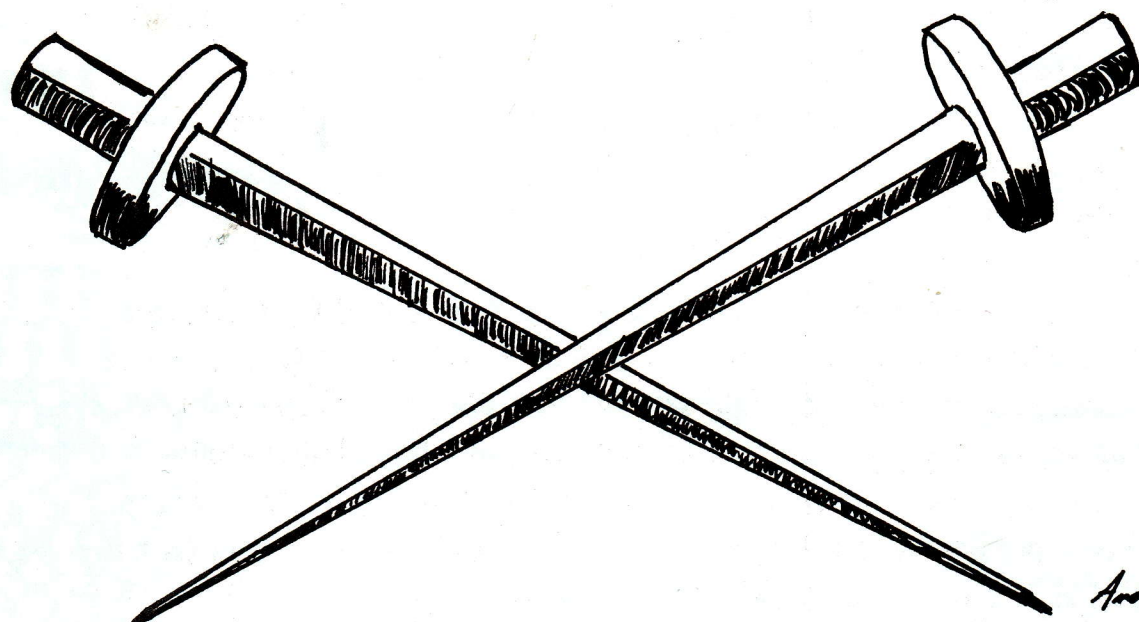
"Isn't it amazing? It's like a huge stone column or tower or something. What do you think it is?" I walked slowly around it, not waiting for a reply. Ian followed, nodding to himself. When we had come almost a full circle I saw the door. Actually it was more like a hole, a small archway, just the right size for a ten-year-old boy. It was too dark to see inside.

When he saw the opening, Ian suddenly nodded, pushed ahead of me and stepped inside. "Wow." I heard "Ow...ow...ow...ow," as the echo came back

softly. I steeled my nerves and stepped inside. It took a couple of seconds for my eyes to adjust to the light but when they did I also let out a low wolf whistle and a "Wow."

It was a temple of sorts. You could tell that right away. The altar was just opposite the doorway. It was a low, flat stone with a slight groove in it. I imagined the many years of offerings that had been placed there to make that mark. On the wall above it were ten different swords, all spreading out in a fan from where their points overlapped.

They were each different; at least their hilts were. Every one had a different ornate handle. The one in the center, directly over the altar, was the fanciest. It had a hilt of three shades of gold so intricately interwoven that you could only tell by the color where one ended and the next began.



These were the only real swords in the place but the walls were covered with painted swords of every possible size and description, from stiletos to enormous broadswords. They all pointed upwards until the points of the uppermost met at the tip of the tower.

We stood there, mouths open, not believing this sight. "It's a temple," I said softly, "a temple of swords."

I walked over and touched one of the swords on the wall. It was cold to the touch and held fast to the wall when I tried to pull it off. Ian watched with an odd expression as I did this. When I dropped my hand he shook his head dazedly. "A temple? You mean like where you go and do all that Hebrew school and stuff?" For I, though far from orthodox, was definitely a Jew, and the whole concept of temple and religion baffled Ian who came from a long line of agnostics.

"Not like that, stupid," I said scornfully, secure in my superiority over my less well read friend. "Like, like a druid temple or ...or an ancient Indian temple."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, before all the colonists and cowboys and stuff came to Mexico, these Indians, the, the, whatdayacallums. Incas and Aztecs had this whole advanced civilization but white people destroyed it and now people are finding all these cool ancient ruins. Palaces and temples and stuff. I bet that's what this is. Some kinda Indian temple." I stopped for a second and glanced at Ian. He was still looking at me. That was a good sign. Normally he didn't listen to anyone for that long. I risked another sentence or two. "I bet it's full of magic and power and stuff. They pro'lly used to perform rituals and sacrifices."

"Did you say magic?" he interrupted scornfully. He never believed. He played fantasy games, of course. But you could tell that he was just humoring me. His real love was sports. I spoke earnestly then, trying to convince him.

"Yeah. They had all kinds of magic."

"Yeah? Like what?"

"Like...well, like the shamans used to go into trances and communicate with the gods and be able to know exactly what to do or, or." I could tell he was drifting. "Or they could get possessed by demons who used their bodies to kill and eat people. Sometimes they went insane. They could...."

"Demons? Possession? Really? Cool. D'ya think we could do that here?"

"Yeah, pro'lly. But first we would have to learn to make contact with the spirits and have an in-ih-shee-a-shun or something."

"You mean like for a gang?"

"I dunno. I guess."

"Let's try it."

We didn't start anything that night. It was late for a pair of not quite fifth graders. As it was, we both got quite a tongue lashing. The next morning, though, I didn't even bother to go over to Ian's house before running up to the temple. Surprisingly, he was there even before me. He must have been a lot more excited then he had seemed the day before. He was certainly excited when I got up there.

"Look what I found!" He ran up, crazily waving his hands. I could see he had something tightly clutched in one of his waving fists.

"What is it? " He wouldn't stop moving long enough for me to see.
"What the heck is it?" At last I was able to catch his hand and pry it open.
When I saw what it was, I felt my mouth drop.

I felt only excitement at that point. Fear would come later.

It was a tiny bronze sword. Maybe three and a half inches long, it seemed to radiate heat as it lay in his hand.

"Where was it?" I asked softly. While the little sword seemed to excite Ian it made me feel almost reverent. I wanted to speak in whispers, if it all. I couldn't take my eyes off the tiny bronze object in his hand.

Even as I watched, the sword seemed to change colors. There were mottled reds and oranges in the metal and they seemed to shift and writhe just under the surface.

Ian fidgeted as I stared. His eyes wandered around the room. Finally he closed his fingers back over the sword. "Behind the altar." As I came out of my reverie I didn't know what he was saying. Then I remembered the question I had asked him.

"Oh. Was there anything else there?"

He gave me a disgusted look. "If there was something else there don't you think I would have taken that too?"

How could I explain to him that I would never have even been able to pick up the little sword? In fact, I had the distinct impression that if I had been the one to discover the sword I would still be there, staring, unable to take my eyes off it.

Involuntarily, or at least subconsciously, I reached my hand out. After a moment of hesitation, Ian placed the sword in it. It was warm to the touch, though still metal, and I had a strong feeling that any minute it would begin to move. To pulse, perhaps, or to breathe.

Ian put his hand out, silently asking for it back but I purposely ignored him. I didn't want to let it go. He followed me, muttering angrily about taking things too seriously, as I crossed the temple floor to the altar and put the small sword down on it. Little did he know just how serious things were about to become.

As soon as the little sword touched the cold stone, two of the swords above the altar fell to the ground with a clatter. They had looked big, huge actually, when they were on the wall but when Ian walked over and picked one up it fit easily into his ten-year-old hand.

While I was still silent, breathing shallowly with the splendor of the moment, Ian suddenly giggled. Understand this -- Ian never giggled. Guffawed sometimes, chuckled frequently, but here in the temple of swords, at one of the most solemn moments in my life, he was giggling like a teenage girl.

"On guard," he tittered, waving the sword clumsily at me.

I didn't bother to correct him; that it was "En Garde" not "On Guard." I walked over and picked up the other sword. It was larger than Ian's and curved slightly. His was long and straight with an ornate hilt. I glanced at the hilt of mine and shuddered. In gleaming silver at the bottom was a grinning death's head.

As soon as the cool metal touched my hand I felt a strength flood through me, making me stand straighter. My arm settled easily into position, thumb slightly up, blade out.

Even as I wondered why I was taking Ian's casual taunt so seriously, I felt a flow of anger at the fact that he was being so silly about the whole thing. He wasn't taking it seriously at all. There was blatant amusement on his face rather than the wonder I could feel on mine. He had never believed in magic. Had never read about it and hunted for it like me, and now that we were faced with the mystical he still didn't see it. How blind he was!

And how blind I was. I see now that the rage wasn't mine. It was instilled in me by the temple. I was possessed. I see that now. It wasn't me....

With deadly skill we fenced. The power of the temple had taken hold of both of us. Though neither of us had held a sword before that day we parried and feinted like experts. At last he began to tire. His hand shook as he held the sword. I, though, had the unnatural strength of the temple pumping through my veins and as he dropped his weapon I lunged at him, hard.

His eyes opened wide with shock as he stared at the hilt protruding from between his ribs.

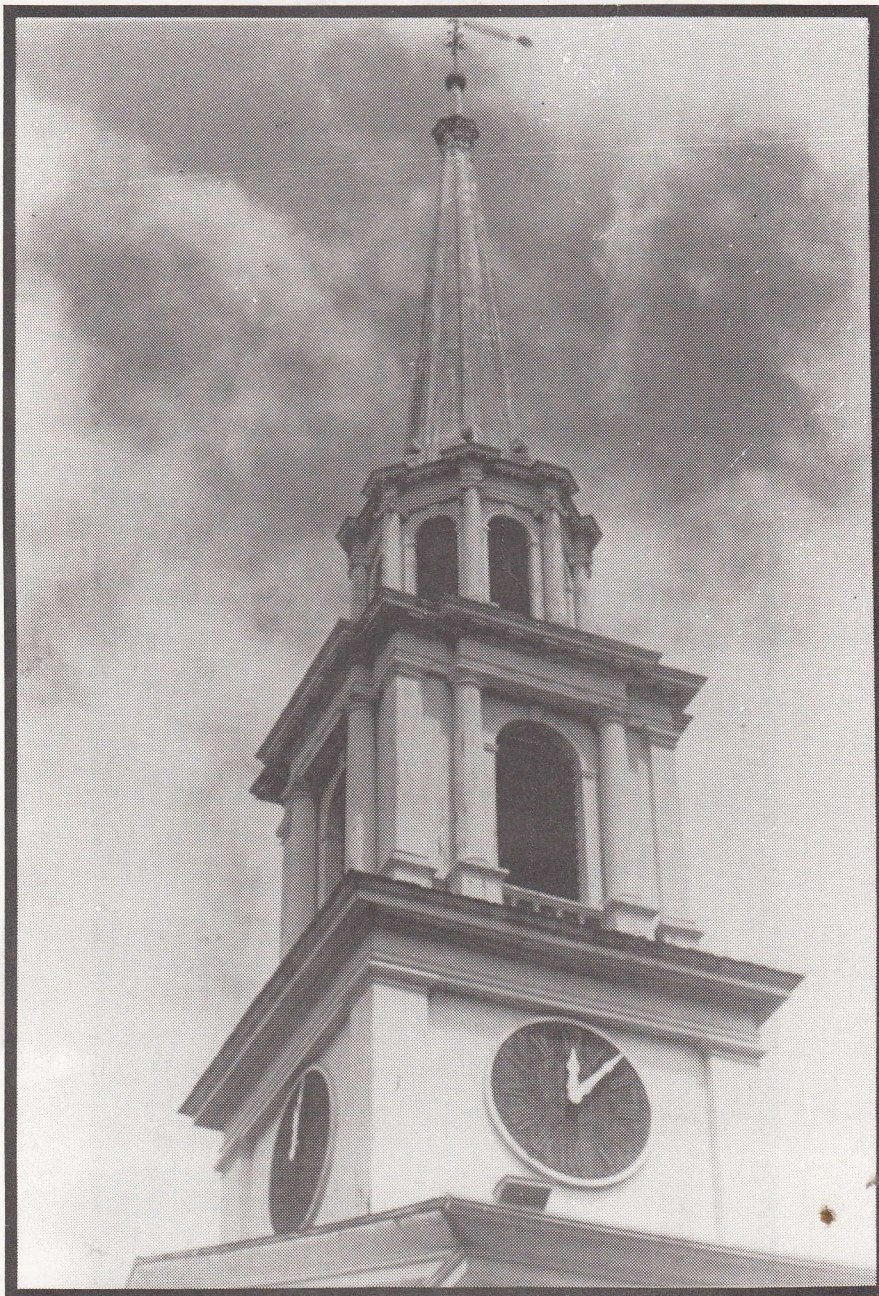
"What are you doing, Keith?"

"You insult the temple of swords. You insult its magic!" The fever was strong upon me.

"What are you talking about? It's only a game!"

Only a game. Even to the end he believed that.

Jenny Brandes



Zachary Brown



Zachary Brown

head games

i've given up on you
it hurts to do something
like that
i wish i could
cry

but the tears
won't come
until i sit here
and write about you

what was it
that made me feel this way
like i fell for you
doubletime

why did i laugh
when you looked at me
did some part of me
try to find happiness
no matter what

i couldn't answer
when you asked
until you stopped
asking

your face always
brought a smile
to my lips
at the same time
a sigh

eyes seeking out your
face amongst
a crowd without
meaning to

why did i stare
at you last night
did i know i would
give up today?

Serena J. Silver

TENDRIL

These feelings,
these emotions
That I have such
difficulty expressing
Fill me up
with a Mixture
of anger and
resentment.

The tendril of smoke
Rises from the lit cigarette
To circle his throat in a
Deadly grip . . . Why can't he see it?

It hurts me.
I hug him with all
My love and adoration
But the smell
of smoke
Clings to him
And as I inhale
my heart skips a beat . . . betrayed.
I hug him tighter.

I have no right to feel this way . . .
So they tell me.
Yet it
kills
a part of me.
How can someone
I
love so much
Hate
himself?

It's my nature to confront
Head on
Smoking is running
It's time to deal.
Why must he run so fast?

Serena J. Silver

REBUTTAL

Memories of the past
Painful, bitter
Time has worsened your wounds
Until the pain is more than you can bear
You lash out
At no one
For there is no one to lash out at
Just
Memories of the past
Painful, bitter
Move on
Or the memories will be your demise.

by Lili Kalish

VAMPIRE/MARTYR

Behold me, you who do not love
A tragic angel, born to bleed
A lover and a killer both
With innocence on which to feed

All those faces I remember
Trusting eyes, so unafraid
But time and time again they die
In the end, all love betrayed

Yet will my crown of thorns bring pain
Until time itself is freed?
Shed a tear for me, o lonely love
It is for you I live and need

Sun and stars watch over me
Earth and sea to be my bed
But still my love is without life
Long live my dreams...
long sleep the dead

Anna Kramer

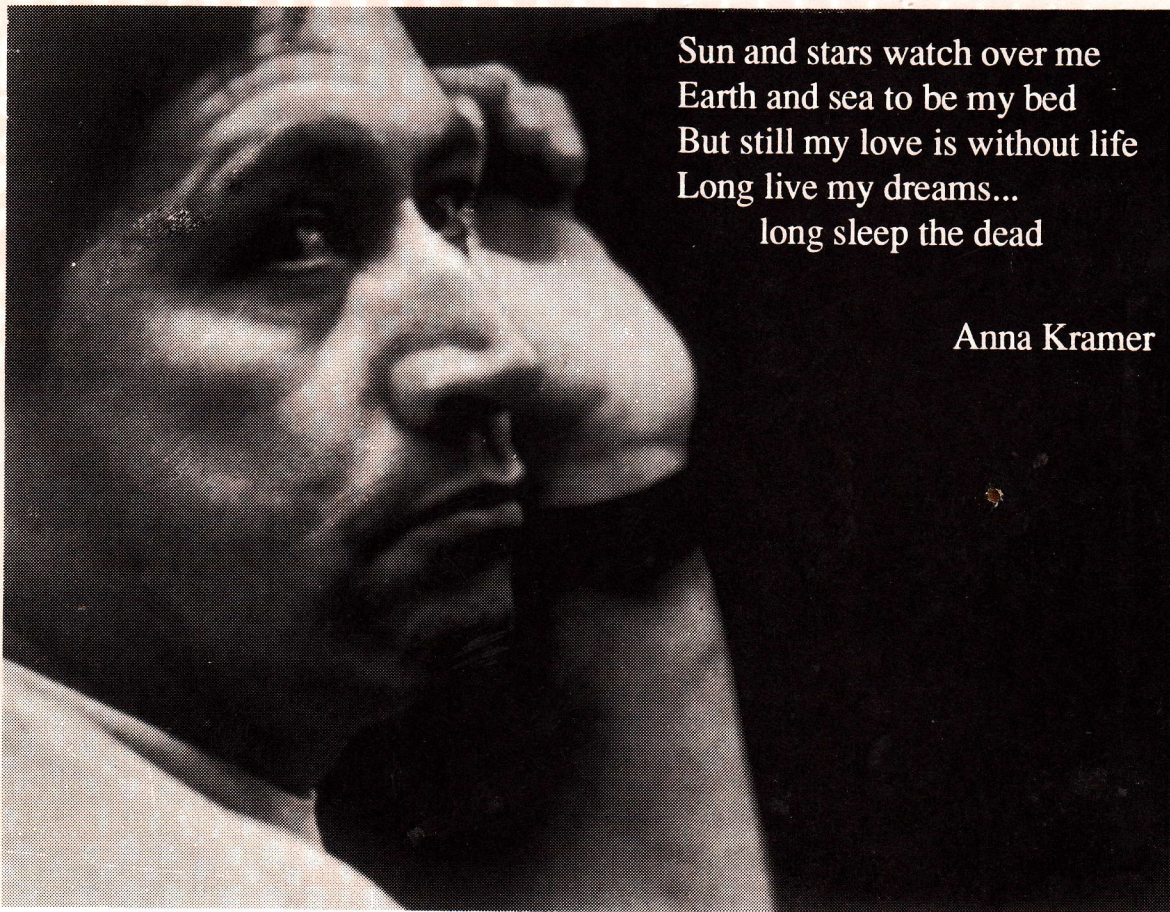


Photo by Zachary Brown

Confusion

Have you ever
felt
confused
about
everything?

About poems that
appear
from nowhere
yet everywhere
swirling
around me and
welling up from
inside of me.

About details
and
the reasons that
we are what we are
and others are
not;
Why one may
express
emotion in
a myriad of ways.

About changes
made
abruptly and
with a slightly
disarming
ease
As if to say
that we are all
without
individuality.

About words
that
don't come out
quite right
or always seem
to be without
cause.

Serena J. Silver

Solitude

The Quiet
Stillness

(At least
how it seems
at first.)

Then my mind
becomes aware
of a bird
in some
not-so-far-off
tree
chirping away.

(Breaking the
silence.)

Footsteps
running in
the background.

(Towards me?
No, away.)

I am by myself,
but not alone.
My solitude
is as incomplete
as a sunrise
without a sunset.

Serena J. Silver

WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU

One
solitary
Red Rose.
Wilted entirely.
Head bent over,
dangling.
Petals falling
one
by
one.
Like tears.
Drained of all vitality,
it gathers the strength to
stand
Alone.
Starved for love or
Attention.
Its thorns too weak to
prick.
Struggling for its own mere
survival,
it lives on
of free will.
One,
solitary,
Red Rose.
Now,
You are gone.
But it remains,
to be forever preserved
in your image.

Jennifer Berson



Photo by Zachary Brown

LOVE

with a fork in my pocket
and a red hooded sweatshirt around my shoulders
i walk
ready for

the stars above me
and pink fading ponytails and sugarwater laughter around me
expecting fleeting glances and suggestive eyelids

finding giggles and looks unfulfilling
intent shut eyes
and shy, teasing lips

and then dry tears upon familiar faces
raining sunflowers on the sky
and again pink ponytails

Josh Penman

INTERTWINED

The air is clear and the sun is long set,
leaving a map of the stars to be seen,
they guide us on our quest,
leading us home,
the salt water crusted in our dreary eyes,
and stench of fish has long become familiar,
our hands are rough and callused,
hoping they will regain their flower-like softness they once knew,
my body sore and worn, blistered from head to toe.

My soul has become one with the boat,
the boat, long and flowing like the water she lives in,
her sails blessed with wind, she glides through the water
like a cloud through the sky,
her masts like steeples, rising higher than the surroundings,
her body smoother than a newly made table,
she sails through these waters like she's known them from the beginning of time,
But still she searches,
and we search,
for home,
for family,
and love, wherever we might find it.

The ropes that burn our hands,
and the boards that splinter our feet,
only remind us of the lobster pots that line our streets.
The houses climbing up the hill ,
each with its own personality, its walls masking a face.

My love perched up in bed worried sick,
her heart out to me, and mine to hers,
each colliding on a distant star,
love is aloft like a sweet sea breeze,
floating out to the ocean.

My love is asleep now,
her face like a flower,
the afterglow of tears still remains.
As I lie on my hammock,
a warm wool blanket comforting me,
sleep washes through like the tide returning,
and our souls intertwine once more.

Adam Brin

CLOCK

Lying in my bed,
I can clearly see
That the clock reads two a.m.
I roll over once and regard
The clock again:
It reads two p.m.
Why?

It's a digital clock--
I'm not mistaken,
Day or night
My clock would never
Tell a lie.
Twelve hours passed
So fast
And yet I'm not surprised.

Time is not a material thing
And cannot be changed,
Poorly spent...
Or adequately used,
There is no in between
No half and half.

Each second is locked away,
Never to be seen again
Not to be shifted,
Modified,
Or exchanged.

It is a line:
Not parallel or perpendicular
to any others,
No points of tangency.
One way straight.

What is done,
Is finished;
Permanent.
Twelve hours passed
So fast
The clock reads two p.m.

Brandon Goldstein

DANDELIONS

It was a typical mid-June day. The sky looked like a picture, light blue with fluffy clouds. It was hot and humid. The sun was scorching. Days like these always gave me an uneasy feeling, like something horrible was about to happen. I think it was because I had heard on a t.v. show that the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on a day like this one.

I was sitting on the porch of my home. Even in the shade drops of perspiration had begun to form on my upper lip.

I looked out on to the lawn stretched in front of me. Dandelions. Everywhere. The ground looked almost a bright yellow when I squinted my eyes and blended the colors together. Our lawn had probably more dandelions than any other home in Connecticut. I don't know why. That's just the way it has always been for as long as I can remember.

On June evenings, with warm winds, mosquitos, and lemonade, we would sit out on the porch. Mom, Pops, who was Mom's father, and I. I'd run out on to lawn and do cartwheels and back walkovers. They'd both clap between sips of lemonade.

"Laurie, Laurie, Laurie," Pops would say. He often said my name three times in a row.

"Look at all those blasted dandelions," he'd say shaking his head.

"Pops, they're bright and yellow and I kind of like them," Mom would protest.

"They're weeds, Muriel," he'd reply. She'd sigh, because she knew what was coming next.

"I'll tell you what, Laurie. I'll give you ten dollars if you pick all these dandelions off the lawn."

"Sure," I'd immediately say, thinking of how many comics I could buy with ten whole dollars.

"Oh, Pops. We go through this every year. It's ridiculous. The lawn mower chops them all right off anyhow. I just haven't gotten around to mowing yet. Don't listen to him, Laurie." She'd tousle my hair and bring me inside to get ready for bed.

The conversation would happen every year. Even when I was old enough to realize that all that work would not be worth a measly ten bucks.

This was all before Pops got sick.

I came home from school one day in the early fall of tenth grade. Instead of greeting me with his usual, "So what did you learn today at school Laurie?" I found him sitting and rocking on the porch, staring into space at something non-existent. I raced up the stairs with cold, aching fear in the pit of my stomach. I found Mom sitting on her bed, crumpled tissues around her. She wiped her nose with one of the tissues and pulled me onto the bed. She put her hands on either side of my face and looked into my eyes the way she used to when I was a kid and she wanted to tell me something important and be sure that she got her message across.

"Laurie." Pause. "Pops has cancer. Prostate. It's in its last stages." The end of her sentence disappeared and her face crumpled up. She hugged me, but I was numb.

This was the hardest fall and winter I have ever lived through. It broke my heart to see him get weaker day by day. I didn't notice the changes until one night at supper. I saw his hand shaking when he lifted the fork to his mouth. I realized he wasn't laughing anymore. When he smiled it was forced. Mom excused herself and went into the pantry to cry.

At first it's weird to see a parent cry. You want to say, "Wait, I'm the kid. I'm the one whose supposed to be crying. You're a grown-up. You're supposed to be perfect." I got used to it. Holding her when she cried. I hope some day I have a child who does the same for me.

By Christmas he couldn't walk. We had to bring the tree upstairs to his room. The doctors hadn't even thought he would live this long. But Pops was a fighter even with the miniscule amount of strength he had left. It wasn't until January, late, that we had to check him into the hospital. He died two weeks after that. I was in school. History class. My teacher was talking about Genghis Khan, when I got called to the principal's office. I walked very slowly down the hall, reading notices about cheerleading practice on the bulletin boards, as if to stall what I knew was coming.

After his death my life hit an all-time low. I went from the top of my class to the bottom. The last time I gabbed on the phone with a friend or went to a party was God only knows when.

I was thinking about all this. Looking at the dandelions. I got up and walked down the porch steps. I leaned over and picked a dandelion. I stared at it, taking in its brightness. I reached down and pulled up another. And

another. Before I knew it I was down on my hands and knees ripping out the dandelions. Anger raged through me at whomever or whatever killed my grandfather. I clawed and ripped at the ground. Blinded by my tears. My fingers were orange and there was dirt under my fingernails. There was a bee sting on my left hand, that was swollen and red. I hardly noticed and crawled furiously on my knees until they were green and brown .

I stood up shaking an hour later. Wiping my sweaty forehead on my t-shirt, I surveyed my work. A giant pile of dandelions, dirt and grass in the middle of my naked lawn. I hardly noticed my mother's car drive-up. She got out, slammed the door and walked quickly towards me.

"Laurie, what are you doing?" she cried, looking at my dirty clothes and stung hand.

"Look, Mom. They're all gone." I looked up at her, almost smiling. I stepped back to reveal the pile. She stared from the pile to the lawn to me and back to the pile again.

" Laurie." she looked startled and sad at the same time. She reached over and took my puffy hand. She opened her arms and enclosed me in a bear hug so suddenly we both fell backward into the mound of dandelions. We started to laugh. We couldn't stop. It was the first time in months we had laughed like that. Mom picked up a handful of dandelions and dirt and threw it at me. I threw back. Then Mom made a funny sighing sound and started to cry. She looked over at me and my dirty face and started to laugh again. We were both laughing and crying and throwing dandelions at each other at the same time.

It was a long time before we both got up from the pile. We both knew our lives would never be the same without Pops, but somehow, though we didn't quite know how, we would make it through. We had each other and the memories. And things to remind us: Pops' rocking chair, his lemonade recipe, and dandelions.

THE END

Maggie Thom

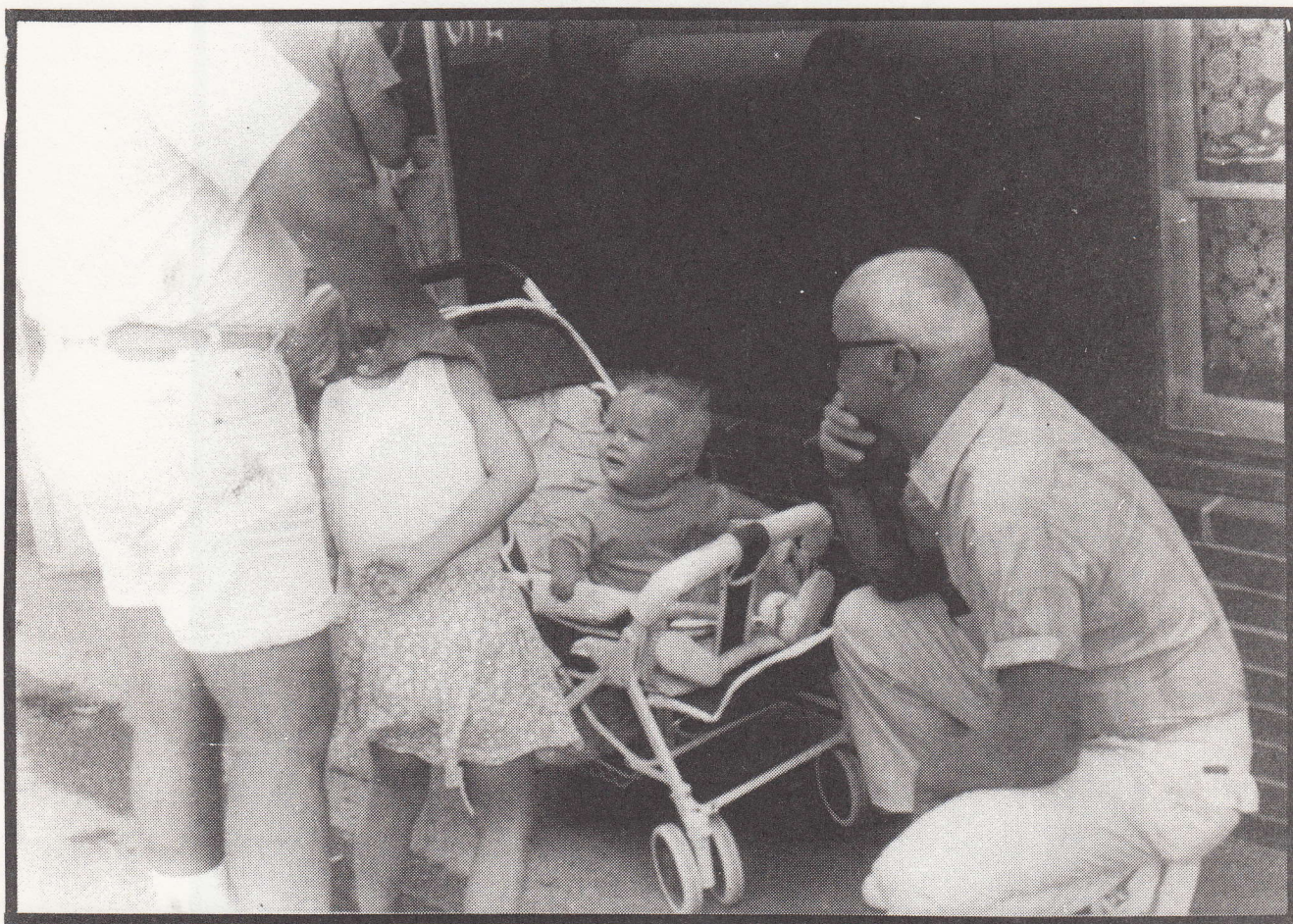
I Never had Anyone to Call Daddy

She says he was tall and blond
But his pictures are gone.
"We weren't married for long" she says.
She says they had a private wedding
But there is no wedding dress or ring.
"A misplacement," she says.
She claims a mutual friend introduced them
But none of her friends knew him.
"The friend moved away," she says. "Their name? I forget."
Apparently he died unknown
No stories about his life, no relatives
It all fits too perfectly.
"A coincidence," she says.
How can I believe this?
That one person, who would have been
So important in my life
Is gone forever?
Am I still just a little girl
Pretending she's a princess who was left on her parent's doorstep?

When people find out
They stare, and ask questions
But I have no answers.
I shrug my shoulders, and pretend it doesn't matter
That I never had anyone
To call me Princess
To be at birthday parties
To comfort scraped knees
And even to yell at me
As long as he would be there.

You, you people take all this for granted
But for me
It's like a blind person
Knowing that others take the sun for granted
But that they will never catch a glimpse of it.
And how can I believe this?
That somehow, sometime, a man just died
Leaving a wife and unborn daughter
Waiting for him to come back.
Waiting
Because I never had anyone to call Daddy.





Daniel Walfish



Zachary Brown

astle of Darkness

Chapter 5

Part Three

They both went through the door which led into a room. Inside the room it was very dark and solitary except for a golden cage which held Suro captive. There was also a shelf with lots of stuff on it. Michael saw another little treasure chest similar to the one in the room where he battled Dever, so he decided to take it along. Suro looked like nothing more than a bunch of bones and skin. Wow, he would look great on the cover of a Hellraiser magazine with a little fixing up, thought Michael.

"Michael, are you not forgetting something?" asked Agor.

"Oh yeah, Agor. Sorry I forgot. My mind must have been drifting off into slumberland," replied Michael.

Michael then got out the potion and handed it to Suro. Suro drank it slowly until he finished. And we now have finally reached the next millenium, thought Michael as Suro was giving Agor the empty bottle. Just like Agor, Suro's muscles started to take on a stronger-looking shape while armor appeared bit by bit on his body. Unlike Agor, Suro's armor color was gold instead of white. In Suro's right hand he held a mace and in his left he held a shield. He then swung his mace around and destroyed the cage so he had a clear exit out of there. Nothing more was left of the cage except tiny gold pieces.

"It felt good to swing my mace and destroy something. That idiotic cage was keeping me captive all this time, so why not destroy it?" said Suro.

Hey, Suro knows my kind of talk, thought Michael.

"We still have another problem. The Princess Annette is being held captive a floor above us. Because Agor and I have been on this floor so often in our other battles we know that the staircase leading up to the next was destroyed in one of those battles and there's no way to get up to the next floor," said Suro.

"Maybe this will help," said Michael, pulling out a little treasure box. "I found it on the shelf when Agor and I first walked into this room and I thought that it might be useful, so I brought it along."

"Just what we need," said Suro in a triumphant tone, "Another one of the Wizard's treasure boxes. It might have just what we need right to solve our little dilemma. Hurry up and open it, Michael."

Michael opened it and found a little red jewel in a hexagonal shape and a paper inside which read: IF YOU CANNOT GET TO THE NEXT FLOOR BY ANY OTHER WAY, USE THE LEVITATION JEWEL THAT I HAVE GIVEN YOU. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TOUCH IT TOGETHER AND IMAGINE YOU ARE LEVITATING UP TOWARDS THE NEXT FLOOR. - THE WIZARD.

"I guess it will be worth a shot," said Agor.

So everybody huddled together and touched the jewel while imagining they were hovering up towards the next floor. Soon Michael felt his feet lift off the ground and saw himself and the other warriors moving towards the ceiling. Out of nowhere, thousands of sets of razor-sharp spikes appeared on the ceiling and the trio were heading right towards them! Michael warned Agor and Suro, and they said they would have to go back down, but they couldn't. They were doomed! Then suddenly Suro said, "Duck, guys! I've got a plan."

Michael and Agor ducked just in time to see Suro smash his mace against the spikes which made an opening right above them. They came to the next floor unharmed by the spikes.

When they were on the floor Suro said, "That was one of Zaz's most dangerous tricks. Luckily he forgot about the strength of my blows, or we would have been shish kebab for sure!"

Chapter 6

The trio then set off to find the princess. They all had to carefully avoid traps or else it would cost them energy, time, or their lives.

"I guess Zaz doesn't have any more little helpers because all I see are traps, rooms, and doors," said Michael.

"Either that or he's saving them up for the big finale with us," said Suro.

When the trio was in a corridor, Agor said, "This room looks very familiar."

"You're right. It does look familiar," said Michael.

All of a sudden the door behind them shut and locked by itself, which made Michael yell, "Not again!"

Then Agor and Michael prepared themselves for a fight while Suro wondered why they were doing that. No beast jumped out in front of them or behind them and no blob-like monster oozed its way down to them, but a black cloud of mist started to gather above them. Slowly the mist got bigger and bigger until it was as big as the Goodyear Blimp. It then slowly started to take the shape of a tornado, but nobody was drawn into it or felt any stir of air.

The tornado-like creature had no facial features that anybody could see, but suddenly out of nowhere they heard a voice saying, "I am Black Mist, one of Zaz's biggest and best henchmen. I was sent here to kill you. You'll have to fight me for your lives whether you like it or not because I support the wrath of Zaz and only answer to him. Ready. Set. Go!"

The Black Mist's first move was very fast. It shot out three little lightning bolts and each one hit one of the warriors, stunning all three of them. I wish I could've started a little conversation before we fought, but I guess your answer was a definite no, thought Michael, referring to the Black Mist.

"I don't think we can beat this guy. He has too much power, " said Michael.

"Do not give up confidence and courage, because I think that is all that you need to beat Black Mist," said Agor.

"What do you mean? " asked Michael.

"You shall see. Just jump as high as you can right there and when you are at the highest altitude of your jump, give him a good blow from your sword," said Agor, pointing to the center of the Black Mist.

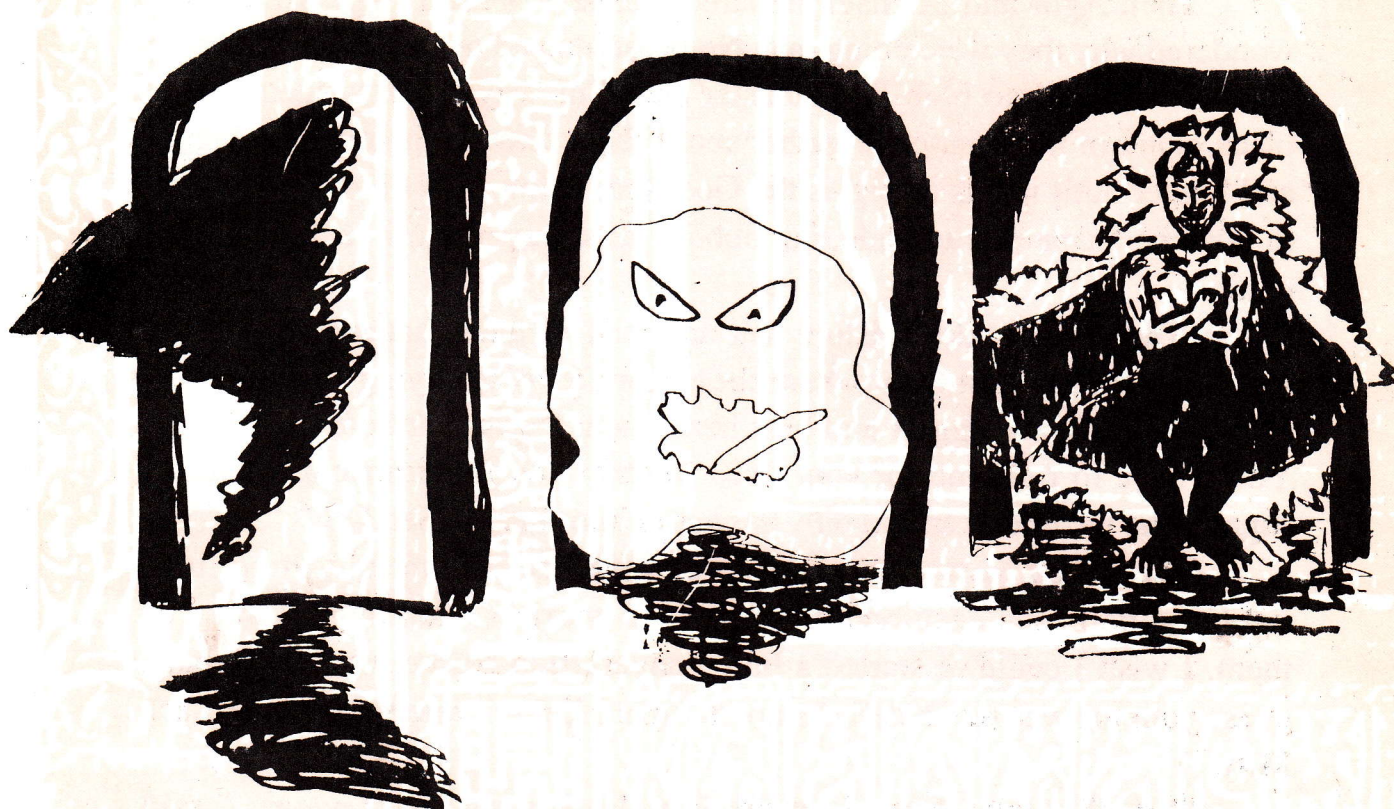
"Here I come for my final kills of the night," said the Black Mist.

"No, here I come for my kill, " said Michael, jumping up to the center of the Black Mist.

Michael hit the Black Mist with his sword at the highest altitude of his jump, and the black cloud-like monster let out a large scream. Michael was pleased with the discovery that this creature did have a weak spot. He jumped again, only this time Agor and Suro jumped with him. When they all hit the Black Mist, he let out such a big scream that for a moment Michael thought he would surely go deaf. Then the Black Mist curled up into a tiny ball of smoke and vanished.

As the smoke cleared, they were able to make out three wooden doors.

"Do you have any idea what these doors are for, Agor?" asked Michael.



"Not really, but if I know Zaz, I would think one door will lead us towards Annette, and the other two towards sudden death. "

"How should we know which one to take?" asked Suro.

"We do not, but each of us shall have to open a door so at least one of us shall get the right one and go on to rescue Princess Annette. I shall take the left one, Suro take the middle one, and Michael take the right one."

Michael slowly walked towards the right door with fear of sudden death in his heart, but he had gotten this far and couldn't stop now. He continued walking.

"All right guys, let's open the doors," said Suro.

Michael opened up his door and heard a familiar voice say in a sinister tone, "Remember me, Michael?"

Then Michael was able to make out a huge red fist before it slugged him across the room. Michael got up and looked back at the door, doubting what was really there because standing by the doorway was a seven-foot hulkish version of Dever!

Michael looked around the room and saw Agor and Suro were on the floor too, and the doubles of the Blorg and Black Mist were standing in the doorways. Although Michael saw the monsters that he had beaten come back again from the dead, something was telling him that they really weren't there.

"Pretty nifty trick to make you fight the illusions of ourselves when the real match was yet farther away," said the Black Mist.

"Now let us see you try to beat the real us," said the Blorg.

"But how can we beat you if you're not the real you?" asked Michael.

"What do you mean we're not real?" replied Dever in an angry voice.

"I don't know, but I have a strange feeling that the real yous are the ones that we've already beaten," said Michael.

"All right, Mikey, you're getting me really angry!" said Dever.

"Don't egg them on, Mike, they mean business!" said Suro.

"I believe what I believe," Michael said confidently.

"All right, no more Mr. Nice Demon. I'm gonna kill you right now," said Dever.

With that, Dever sprung towards Michael and hit him with such force that his weapons and hand armor went flying towards the wall in back of him. Then Michael gave Dever a powerful punch in his stomach while saying, "I don't believe you're real. "

Then, like magic Dever just vanished into thin air. I knew you were a fake, thought Michael. He then told Agor and Suro how to beat the other doubles, which they did.

After they had beaten the doubles, the doors just closed up and locked themselves. Michael then got his armor and weapons and put them back on.

"I wonder what's next?" asked Michael. Then a loud voice boomed, "MY LAIR IS NEXT. THE LAIR OF ZAZ. THAT IS IF YOU WANT TO JOIN ME IN A BATTLE FOR THE PRINCESS. TA TA! "

With that, a burst of lightning from the ceiling hit the floor, which gave way and everybody started falling down a tunnel-like passage. The tunnel was very deep and dark and seemed to go on forever. Michael saw that if he wanted to, he could count the floors as he passed by. One floor down. One floor down. One floor down. One floor down. "Hey, how many floors are there?" thought Michael. He then spotted what looked like the bottom floor, which had little fire spurts in it. Finally, the trio came to the bottom floor, which turned out to be a ravaging fire pit with no heat coming

from the flames. In the middle of the room was the Princess Annette, looking terrified with big fire columns surrounding her like a prison.

"Are you all right, Annette?" asked Agor.

"YES, SHE'S FINE!" boomed Zaz's voice happily in a sinister sort of way. Then a cloud of black smoke appeared by the princess's fire prison. It started to take shape and when it was finished it looked like the Wizard, but it had black clothing and hair.

"Zaz, I'm going to kill you!" yelled Suro with such fury in his voice that it shocked Michael because Suro never seemed to get mad.

"Maybe, or maybe I will kill all of you," replied Zaz calmly. "I'm challenging you all to a fight and you can't say no, because then I'll kill your dear Princess Annette."

"All right, Zaz, we will fight you," replied Agor with a grim face.

"Good," said Zaz. Then he disappeared.

"I wonder where he went?" said Suro.

"Maybe he thought we were too good and he chickened out," said Michael. Agor and Suro agreed. They all walked towards the princess, but were suddenly blown back by a huge fireball. Michael turned around and saw Zaz standing very impatiently. "I never said that I would fight fairly." He disappeared again. Then he reappeared and sent a fireball towards Michael. The blow hurled him against the fire columns of the cage, which felt solid.

Then Michael watched as Zaz did this to Agor and Suro, only he flung Agor to the back of the room and Suro to the wall to the right of Michael. Then Zaz saw that Agor was badly hurt and couldn't move very well. Still, Agor was going as fast as he could towards Zaz. Zaz grinned evilly.

Michael knew that grin meant that Zaz was going to try to finish off Agor once and for all. He couldn't let Zaz do that, but he was too weak and far away from Zaz to stop him. Then Michael saw Zaz preparing for his last blow and Suro regaining consciousness. At the last possible moment, Michael threw his sword at Zaz with all the strength, rage, and hate he had. The sword caught Zaz right in the center of his head. Then Suro got up and smashed his mace into Zaz's heart which made black blood go everywhere. Agor then delivered a blow from his axe right into Zaz's groin.

Michael got up and pulled his sword out of Zaz's head. Suddenly Zaz's eyes started to fire up and his breath became louder and shorter. Zaz fell down onto the floor and his whole body turned into a pile of ashes. Zaz's body vanished into thin air. It was all over. Zaz was dead.

Chapter 8

The flame columns fell down and Michael escorted the Princess Annette away from that area. Before they had a chance to talk, the pit started to shake and the ceiling fell apart in pieces.

"The castle is starting to cave in and sink because evil held it up. With Zaz gone there is no more evil to support it. We've got to get out of here or else we'll go down with the castle," said Annette.

"Our only chance is the levitation jewel," said Agor.

They all put their hands on the jewel and hovered as high as they could until their hands started to slip off the jewel. Then the jewel fell into the rubbish of the castle. The group started to fall down and Michael closed his eyes, expecting death. After about a minute, he opened them again and saw everybody on solid ground.

"The castle must have caved in before we fell and we just did not know it," said Agor. Then Michael looked around and found himself back in the Wizard's cave with Agor, Suro, and Annette.

"Excellent work, Michael," said the Wizard. "You succeeded in doing everything you were supposed to do. You must be very tired."

Michael nodded his head because he felt too weak to talk.

"Here, have a proton ping," said the Wizard handing Michael a little yellow piece of what looked like candy. "It will restore your energy."

Michael took it and started to chew. Suddenly he felt his energy returning. He turned around and saw Suro trying to say something, but Michael couldn't make out what he said. Then everything became blurry and Michael was back home, in his clothes, with the door open. Susan was standing in front of him.

"Let's get going on our little adventure hike," said Susan.

"Could we go to a movie instead?" replied Michael. "I think I've had enough adventure for one night."

"Okay, whatever you want," said Susan with a puzzled look. "I'll meet you in the car."

Michael then felt something in his pocket and took it out. It was a note with a beautiful jewelled ring inside which read: THANKS FOR ALL THE HELP, MICHAEL. MAYBE WE COULD DO THIS AGAIN SOME OTHER TIME. WELL, BECAUSE OF ALL YOUR HELP IN THIS QUEST WE'VE DECIDED TO APPOINT YOU AS ONE OF OUR HIGHER WARRIORS OF ELROS. THIS MEANS THAT YOU MAY BE CALLED AGAIN TO DO SOME WORK IN OUR LAND, BUT NOT FOR



A LONG TIME. THANKS TO YOU. IF YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT THE RING IS FOR, GIVE IT TO SUSAN. IT'LL HELP THE EVENING GO MORE SMOOTHLY. - YOUR FRIENDS AGOR, SURO, PRINCESS ANNETTE, AND THE WIZARD. Michael tucked the note back into his pocket and smiled while looking at the ring before going to join Susan in the car to see the movie.

The End

by Joey Diamond



Zachary Brown



Zachary Brown

HANTH: ELFLESS

Lee is a young girl who has been dragged out of her college in Chicago and into a strange world called Hanth. There she met with an elven magician named Ancaruin, whose father was half dragon, thus allowing the elf to change to dragon form once a day. Ancaruin is hiding with five other elves in an underground cavern. The reason for their hiding is that Bane, who usurped the throne of the high king twenty years ago, is trying to eliminate all elves. The six fugitives all believe that they are the last people in existence with any large amount of elven blood in them. As you can see in this chapter, they are wrong.

4)

Mounted on Ang, Ancaruin and Lee rode to Leraon. Just before they entered the city limits, Ancaruin pulled up his hood. As they started up again they were confronted by the city guards. "Who goes there?!" the shorter one cried.

"We are some travelers who merely want to buy food," Ancaruin replied.

"I see."

"Why is your face covered by that hood?" the taller one asked.

Ancaruin thought fast. "It is a non-contagious disease that I have," the elf answered. "It breaks into a painful rash if exposed to an excess of sunlight. It is also irritated by city fumes, so I will stay out here while my companion gets what we need." Lee dismounted, and Ancaruin said, "Get whatever you know how to cook. This should be enough." He handed her a bag containing some coins. "Ask where to find the nearest food store," Ancaruin added. Lee nodded and walked by the guards, into Leraon.

Ancaruin watched as she went, then was led by the guards to the nearby guardhouse. Outside he dismounted and entered. One of the guards left again, while the other guard stayed with the magician. The guard in the house was friendly, introducing himself as Krimgar. They discussed Leraon, and soon came to the subject of Bane the usurper. "Naturally I am loyal to Bane," said Krimgar, and Ancaruin had no choice but to agree. Krimgar was about to ask another question when Ancaruin saw Lee come through the gate with a package over her shoulder. Getting up, the Elf nodded to Krimgar, and thanked the guard for his hospitality.

When he got outside, he mounted Ang and helped Lee up behind him. They were just about to ride off when Krimgar's fellow guard said, "Wait a minute. There's something funny here." Walking over to the pair, he reached up and pulled off Ancaruin's hood. The elf reached for it, but it was too late. "Hang on!" he shouted to Lee, and then dug his heels into Ang's flanks. The red stallion was off in a flash. Behind them, Ancaruin and Lee could hear the two guards sounding the alarm. The city gates opened with a crash and five mounted guards charged out. Four men had lances leveled at the escaping pair's backs, but the fifth was an archer. He began to shoot arrows at Lee and Ancaruin. The elf leaned forward and whispered into Ang's ear, then straightened, and ripping off his cloak, began to remove his tunic. Beneath them, the horse changed direction. Ancaruin got the tunic off and handed it back to Lee. "Put it on!" he snapped.

"Why?"

"Just do it," the magician snarled.

Lee shrugged and pulled on the tunic. Leaning forward she said, "There, it's on. Now why did you want me to put it on?"

"It's enchanted, protecting like a chain-mail shirt. It was a gift from my father, just like my sword was," he added bitterly.

Lee grabbed at the tunic, trying to take it off.

"What are you doing?!" the elf cried. "Put it back on!"

"No! Your life is more valuable than mine."

"Not to me, it isn't. I'm just a bastard. You're a..." Ancaruin stopped in mid sentence.

"I'm a what?" Lee asked.

"Never mind. Keep the tunic and ride on for a little bit." Ancaruin leapt from the horse. Seeing that, Lee pulled up so hard that Ang reared up and blood dripped from the torn mouth she had given him. The elf, however, didn't hit the ground. Halfway there his body blurred, and a large black dragon flew up from where he had been. Lee gasped as Ancaruin flew back toward the guards. Seeing the archer as the most dangerous, the magician inhaled and blew a bolt of fire at the horrified man. The stench of burning flesh rose as the screaming soldier toppled off his horse. Ancaruin flew closer and grabbed another guard in his talons, ripping the man in half. As he circled back, though, a third man flung his weapon at the dragon. Ancaruin was caught completely off-guard, and the shaft sunk into his side. The huge beast sunk to the ground, flapping his wings weakly. The three remaining guards rode forward to finish him off, but suddenly, one fell back, clutching his throat. A large cross was buried in his throat. A second slipped off his mount with a crossbow bolt in his neck. The third tried to stop his horse to turn and escape. A thunder of hooves filled the ears of Lee and Ancaruin, driving the intruding blackness from the elf's mind. Looking up, the magician saw two men on black horses riding after the fleeing guard. One was dressed in green plate armor, the other in silver. Both wore full helms of the same color as their armor. The first had a lance of grey true-steel, the other wielded a black steel mace. Seeing Ancaruin and Lee, the one in green shouted, "Help them!"

"Right!" the second one answered. Dismounting, he dropped his mace and, running over to the elf, examined the wound. Taking off his silver helm, he wiped the sweat from his eyes, and slid the lance from the magician's side. Turning back to his horse, he grabbed a pouch which was strapped to his saddle. Returning to Ancaruin he said, "Transform." The dragon nodded and his body shimmered and shrunk into his elvish form. The man bent forward with a bandage from the kit, and Lee noticed at that moment the points of the warrior's elvish ears. She started, and the fighter turned to her. "Yes," he said, "I'm an elf." Turning from her, he began to apply the bandage Ancaruin's side. Lee shook herself out of her reverie and bent down to help. Looking at the magician's wound, she saw that the lance had pierced an artery. She pinched Ancaruin's side in the correct place to abate the blood flow, then turned to the fighter. "Get some string or cord or something. A thin bandage would actually be best." The elf nodded and pulled out a bandage half an inch wide. "Great," Lee said. She tied it around Ancaruin's side above the gash. The fighter quickly tied the wider bandage around over the cut.

In the distance they could hear the scream as the fighter in green armor ran his quarry through with his lance.

Ancaruin reached out to Lee. "Am I going to live?" he asked.

Lee looked down and said, "I'm not sure. I wish I could say yes, but I couldn't lie to you."

Ancaruin nodded and whispered, "Thank you. If I die, I want you to know that I love you."

"I love you, too." Lee leaned down and gently kissed the magician. The elven fighter politely looked away. At that moment, the warrior in green came back and dismounted. He plunged his lance into the grass to clean it, and then walked over to the

first dead guard. Reaching down, he pulled out the cross. He wiped that on the grass, also. Thrusting the throwing cross into his belt, he made an intricate sign in the air, and the lance he held became a two-handed sword. He slid it into the scabbard that was on his back. Turning to his elven companion he said, "Let's go."

"Have you no heart? That elf might die!"

"We saved his life. We owe him no more."

"Hypocrite!"

"Okay, fine. I'll stay."

The warrior elf nodded and moved back to Ancaruin's side. The magician was unconscious "We've got to get some proper care for him, but no one will treat an elf. My friend is the only human I know of, besides yourself, who doesn't kill elves on sight."

The green-clad fighter removed his helm and moved forward. "I know some healing spells," he said. "Is it alright?" he asked Lee.

"Hell, yes."

The fighter began to concentrate. Reaching out his hand, he touched the deep gash in Ancaruin's side. Light radiated out from his arm and into the elf's body. The bleeding stopped and Ancaruin sat up, touching his side gingerly. When it didn't hurt, he turned to the human and said, "Thank you, sir. I am deeply in debt to you."

The warrior shrugged. "It was nothing," he said modestly.

"What are your names?"

"I am Malzar," said the human fighter, "And my elven friend is Valdur."

Ancaruin introduced himself and Lee. "Do you have any place to stay?" he asked the two warriors.

"Malzar has a house just to the east of here," said Valdur "I stay there."

"Well, you would be welcome if you wish to come to our elven haven. It might be safer for you."

"That's true, Malzar," said Valdur. "If Bane's men come to investigate your house, and they find the secret room, we would both be killed. I'm not afraid to die, but it's pointless to die if it can be avoided."

"I see what you mean," the human fighter agreed.

And so it was decided upon. Valdur came back with Ancaruin and Lee to the underground hideout. Ancaruin showed the fighter down the hole in the ground. They came to a passageway which progressed for about a hundred feet. Ancaruin stopped after about twenty feet, however, and turned toward the wall. "Revenge," he said. The outline of a door showed in the wall. Reaching out, the magician pushed it. The door swung open. Ancaruin led Valdur into Morangrod's room, then showed Lee back to her chamber.



Hidden Truth

Look inside my heart
I only speak the truth.
I never intended to hurt you
You were too good
You smiled at me one too many times
Now I am swept away by guilt
And your love at the same time.
You no longer smile at me
Because I made the right choice
Or at least I thought I did
Now I lay miles away from
What you are dreaming
Hiding true feelings
In separate worlds.
Maybe one day we will both
Gaze into the sky
And inside feel the touch of a
Common star connecting
Hearts and minds.
We invented this star,
We created this poem
It doesn't always end the way you want it to.

Randee Jill

The Tree May Prefer the Calm, but the Wind Will Not Subside

1. Utopia

Some say the past is the key to the future, but when we look back at our predecessors it is difficult to apply their doctrines to the present. It is quite possible that many of the great influential men and women of the human race still exist somewhere, forever debating their views with the great forces of the Universe....

R.W. Emerson: Miss Rand, our descent into the twenty-first century has been barred by many evils. When do you feel Utopia will be reached?

A. Rand: Never. The perfect society will *never* be reached! Those who attempt to create Utopia ignore Reality. Their blindness is oppressive and dangerous.

K. Marx: So you are a realist.

A. Rand: No, I believe that people can change their ways and improve on life, but to strive for perfection is —

K. Marx: *Change their ways? Change the nature of Mankind?*

A. Rand: Through open-mindedness and compassion, yes, we can improve on human nature.

K. Marx: But open-mindedness and compassion are not a part of human nature, they are skills we develop to fit into society.

A. Rand: Compassion is a part of human nature! What do you call a Mother's love for her child?

C. Darwin: Instinctive. The Mother wishes to pass on her genetic material and the only way to do so is to nurture her child into adulthood.

A. Rand: I think there is something more than that.

B. Franklin: An individual can improve himself through hard work and rigorous self-denial.

A. Rand: But that would never work for a whole society.

K. Marx: It could. Theoretical Communism provides for --

A. Rand: *Theoretical* Communism! Theoretical Communism can never be reached!

K. Marx: That is not true. The road to Communism has not been properly followed.

J. Stalin: My heart is bleeding cold borscht.

A. Huxley: Why do all of you seek Utopia? Why do you seek to perfect Man and who can say what the perfect image of Man is? If you had your way every man would be modeled to *your* view of perfection and who is to say if that view is correct?

R.W. Emerson: Men should not seek to change Nature, they should seek to understand Nature. Only then will Men reach perfection and Utopia.

J. Campbell: Excuse me, Waldo. I wondered if you knew that "Utopia" means "No Place" in Greek.

R.W. Emerson: I was quite aware of that, Joe.

J. Campbell: Just checking.

On a higher level the echoes of this conversation are being heard....

Nature: Consider this: Perhaps there is a way to perfect Man and create Utopia, but in the process it is necessary to promote the extinction of a species that would prevent you from reaching this goal. Would you destroy the species?

Man: Is it sentient?

Nature: Perhaps, but you cannot communicate with it, so you have no way of knowing.

Man: No.

Nature: But you already have: viruses and parasites. By creating vaccines you have destroyed many living creatures.

Man: But we have also saved many creatures!

Nature: Only those you have deemed worthy of saving! Who are you to distribute and deny Life? *Only a God may do that!* Are you suddenly Gods that all creatures must defer to you? Are you ready for this responsibility?

Man: We did not consider this! Survival of the fittest is part of Evolution.

Evolution: You cannot shift the blame to Me. It is the survival of the fittest *in* your species, not *of* your species.

Man: You cannot penalize us for using whatever means necessary to preserve ourselves.

Nature: Any means but the extinction of another species.

Man: We did not know, but we would do it again. The only things that remain after we are gone are our children and our culture and neither last long. We must preserve ourselves as well as we can.

Far away are two who can hear this conversation, but not take part in it.

P.S. Buck: It will be a joyous day when all the races and classes of Man can truly speak together with such unity.

K. Marx: It will be a joyous day when all the classes of Man are unified.

2. Product of the Great Cultural Revolution. 1982

They came when I was seven. They claimed that that my father had opposed the Communist Party when he was a college student, and therefore he was a threat to Mao tse-tong. Then they paraded him through the streets with the other traitors until he died.

I was taken to a work camp along with my mother and brothers. There we worked in the fields all day and slept in a shack with no furnishings at night. My mother taught us to read from an old dictionary she had salvaged.

We worked like that for the government for years until Mao's regime ended. Now we live in a small two-room apartment and I have two pairs of clothes and two meals a day! My brothers and I work at a factory and we are going to school.

As I learn more about my country I wonder more and more how this could have happened to my family. There is a great anger in my country and there is a great anger in me. We are halfway children caught up in the tide...China, forgive me, but you haven't run the course.

3. Jaing Jing's Propaganda

Throughout Chinese history we, as a people, have been ignored. *For 2000 years the dynasties have ignored our needs, our right to freedom. Our fathers gave their blood in the Taiping Rebellion. Millions gave their blood and for what? So we could sit around and watch the Manchus steal our freedom? Watch the Western countries tear apart our nation?*

They have picked us dry to the bone, squeezed out all our heritage, and now we must saturate ourselves. We must fill our minds with freedom, democracy, and equality. We must rise up against these repressive forces and restore the land that has been trampled over and exploited.

Now is the time. We must defeat the Manchus and set up a strong republic for ourselves in which all men work for a common goal — to help our nation. Now is the time to

show the world what it means to be Chinese, how *real* Chinese men fight.

Right now we have a chance to make everything worthwhile. *All the fighting, all the dying over the centuries will be avenged. This is our goal! To bring the Chinese people together, to overthrow the Manchus, and to restore an equal Chinese government, this is what will be achieved by our sacrifice. A sacrifice not only to a nation, but to a people. The Chinese people!*

Let us educate our children with great stories of revolution; stories of brave men and women, Chinese men and women who fought for their people and won. Finally after so many years we will win a democratic republic and the right to rule ourselves equally. We will win the right to independence.

4. A 22-year-old college graduate student in China. 1989

I have been asked to join the Communist Party in China. I took part in Tiananmen Square. I saw my friends lay down their lives for democracy. Now I have been asked to join the Communist Party.

I believe in Deng's reforms. They are good and necessary, but incomplete. Deng is an old man who has seen many wars and many governments. Perhaps too many. Perhaps he is scared of democracy and maybe I am also.

I saw my friends die for democracy. Would they want me to be still and mourn? No. They would tell me to do something. Is this what needs to be done? I want to help my people grow, to cultivate this country with democracy.

This is what they asked for. I can do it. I can free my people from their thousand-year bondage to government, to a deaf world. Can I deny them this that they have died for?

By joining the Party I will obtain political power and influence. Influence I can use to make things better. This is what I want to do. It may seem subtle, it may seem traitorous, but I will do it. Because someday we must end this chaos.

Barbara G. Seaman



Zachary Brown



Zachary Brown



Ode to a Small Woodland Animal

A Muskrat.
Crawling in the sun,
Paw after Paw.
Searching for a new set of priorities.
She sees a new victim and pounces.
He is caught and can't escape.
She sucks him dry and leaves him for dead.

But he finds sympathy in a fellow companion.
Together, they plot a demise for the malicious muskrat.
At dawn, they leave with a shotgun.

They return home, victorious.
The muskrat was not able to overcome the joined power.
The two companions are now free of the beastly pestilence.

One of Two

I watch you,
And know you're one of two.
But I can't stop looking,
Or hoping, or wanting.
Others mutter,
"What does he see in her?"
"Why are they still together?"
But you still are.
Stories I've read,
Movies I've seen,
Show the "other woman"
As malicious, cruel, evil...
I'm just confused and sad.
What do you see in her
That isn't in me?
Why can't you feel the way I do?
I know you're with her by choice.
You haven't been forced,
or coerced.
I know I need to face
The steel truth.
But I can't help wondering,
Wishing you weren't
One of two.

Nicole Diamond

The Dancer

She stands, swaying to the music.
Her fingers treble,
Her toes bass.
Her body plays the song,
The tone more true
Than any radio.
Her hair swings
With every beat.
Each decisive movement
Delicate in execution,
A perfect composition
Of flesh and sound.
She dances alone,
The room filled
With the duet –
body and music,
Interwoven together
With the love of melody
As their thread.

Nicole Diamond

MY REALITY

All alone
Lost in a world
which doesn't want me.
Confused
wandering
looking
searching
for someone who
understands.
Left alone once again,
I realize my one
true
companion
is myself.

Jill Switkin

Camp Life

"You can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people than you can in two years by trying to get other people interested in you."

-Dale Carnegie

Rainwater

Drip drop, drip drop, pitter patter, pitter patter goes the rain water.

The staff regret it, the clowns collect it, the canteen, forget it.

The staff ablaze, the sun raised, the clowns amazed.



Joe Zeltzer

Photo by Byron



A Typical Day at Buck's Rock Camp

As the gong rings in the morning, I wearily get up and look at my clock. Great, I think to myself. I missed the 7:30 gong, and now breakfast has started. In an hour, it'll be 9:00, and the shops will open.

I hurriedly get dressed and run out of my bunk and up the hill to the dining hall. The line is already pouring out of the dining hall and onto the covered porch.

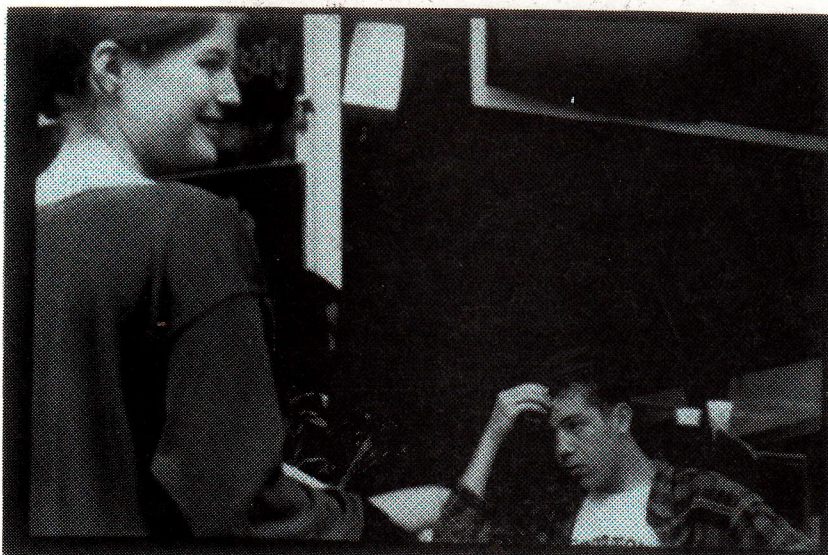
While I'm waiting on the porch to be let into the dining hall, I look up at the computerized message board to see what day and time it is, what the evening activity will be tonight, and other information about what special things are happening today (birthdays, shows, etc.).

Finally, I'm let into the overcrowded dining hall and get on yet another line to receive my food. This takes place also before lunch and dinner, but if I had came to breakfast at 7:30, there wouldn't have been a wait. In fact, at breakfast, there mainly isn't a wait for the first half-hour, but then it gets somewhat crowded.

Oh, yum! Chocolate-chip pancakes, French toast, oatmeal, orange juice, and a banana. I hastily sit down at an empty table and gobble up my breakfast. By now, it is already 8:57, and I need to travel some distance to get to the animal farm to feed, milk, and walk my goat. Her name is Mushu.

After walking about a half-mile, I go through a minor struggle getting my goat to walk away from the farm. I finally persuade her to leave by holding a maple leaf in front of her nose and keeping the leaf at the same distance from her nose as she vainly attempts to grab the leaf and eat it. I hurry on my walk, and when I return, I am glad to see the other goats distracted by their food instead of swarming the gate at Mushu's return. I quickly put the black and white goat back and hurry down Buck's Rock Road to the Wood Shop.

On the way to the shelf where I store my maple/cherry chessboard, I pass by John Dooley, the woodworking counselor who had been away for the weekend.



"Hi John!" I say, "Where've you been?"

"I was at a wedding in California. How's your chessboard coming along?"

"Well, I'm almost finished. Dug helped me sand it. What else do I have to do?"

"Unless you want it to fall apart," answers John, "you should put two coats of finish on it."

Oh boy. I get to smear gunk on my chessboard.

Photo by Alanna Yudin

Before I know it, it's already 11:45, and if I want to avoid a line, I better hurry and eat. So, after putting my finished (wet) chessboard back on the shelf, I run to the dining hall and get on the short line of people who had the same idea as me. At this meal, we have chicken nuggets, fries, iced tea, cake or jello, and a peach. I don't have to hurry now, for I have about two hours until the shops open again at 2:00.

After lunch, I feel very tired, so I decide to go back to my bunk house and play ping-pong. When I get there, however, I realize that all of the tables are taken, so I walk upstairs to my bunk to see what is going on. Apparently, no one is there, so I choose to pick up a Mad™ magazine and start reading it. Immediately, I see a hilarious joke, and I start cracking up. I laugh so hard that I fall asleep.

I am again awoken by the gong, but this time, the 2:00 gong. I nearly kill myself in the process of running downstairs and up the hill to the music shed. I arrive to see my teacher, Jaime Lester, waiting for me outside.

"Sorry I'm late," I say. "I...uh...took a catnap."

"Well," Jaime answers sadly, "The concert in which you were going to play the Handel Violin Sonata No. 3 was postponed until tomorrow. However, we can still run through it with Dave, the pianist."

"That's fine with me," I respond. However, I am somewhat upset deep inside, because I was looking forward to playing tonight.

After the rehearsal, which went along quite smoothly, I mosey down the hill to the photo shop where I visit my big brother, Danny Walfish. Danny really isn't my big brother. He's called my big brother, but he's really just a CIT who wrote me a letter and talked to me on the phone. Every camper has a big brother or sister in those terms.

"Hi, Danny," I say. "How are things going in the photo shop?"

"Fine, Dan," he responds, typically. "How are you?"

We chat for about fifteen minutes, and then, at 5:15, I have to go to dinner, because I have to be at my softball game at 5:45.

Dinner is mainly leftovers from lunch, which I eat quickly. After my brief "snack", I head towards the softball field, which is on the way to the animal farm.

My softball team is captained by Ted Masur, my house counselor, and we've won one game and lost none. Unfortunately, we lose 4-0, but I do somewhat well.

Now that the game is out of my way, I walk back to the huge lawn called The Lawn, where we watch movies and do other evening activities. Tonight's activity is the Rocketeer, which lasts until 10:00, and when I stand up after the movie, I'm so stiff that I fall back down again.

When I finally get into bed after the big day, Ted comes up to me and says, "Tough game, Daniel. But we'll do better next time."

Well, I'd better get sleep, because tomorrow's another big day.....

- Daniel R. Cohen

F.M.L.F



Photo by Byron

If you should walk by the Campfire Site at around 4:00 some afternoon and come across a bunch of people playing guitars and singing and generally having a good time, then chances are you have met the Folk Music Liberation Front. The FMLF, as it is called for short, is an old Buck's Rock tradition that died out several years ago but was revived this year. Led by Erica Blumberg, the group sings all kinds of folk music, from Bob Dylan to Pete Seeger. FMLF-ers come to meetings and learn new songs, sing old favorites, and be with friends. They even learn a few pieces of history from the often politically-motivated folk music. So the next time you see the FMLF singing on the lawn, why not join in?

Elizabeth Nickrenz

Looking Forward To Buck's Rock



Sitting in the Pub Garden once again, fifty years seem to disappear in an instant. It's as if just yesterday Kathy, Randee, Sandro and I came up with the idea of a Pub time capsule. We were at the Mad Tree Party. A hard-to-forget experience, it celebrated the opening of our new "Literal Garden." No more weeds; now we had flowers!

The summer of '92 was amazing at "Ye Olde Pub Shoppe." Looking back fondly, yearbook time was chaotic, of course, but we all loved it. I remember sitting at the first editors' meeting, apologizing in advance for what I knew would be a time of short temper. But Randee, Mike, Josh, Lisa, Jen (Charlie), Molly, Nicole, Iggy, Emily, Nick, Matt, Brandon, Arie, Kate, Alanna, Zack, Dan and I all made up a great editorial staff. I still can't believe (well, maybe I can) that Mosaic came out so beautifully.

Back to our time capsule. We spent a long time pondering over which objects represented our staff most eloquently. I can recall trying for what seemed like forever to come up with something that fit Randee. Finally we figured it out.

Glancing around me, I see Sandro. It's his 59th summer at Buck's Rock! Can you believe it? Only Ernst has been here for as many consecutive years. Ernst just celebrated his 140th birthday . . . we all sang from various points around camp. It's amazing how many former Buck's Rockers there are; you were probably able to hear us in Manhattan!

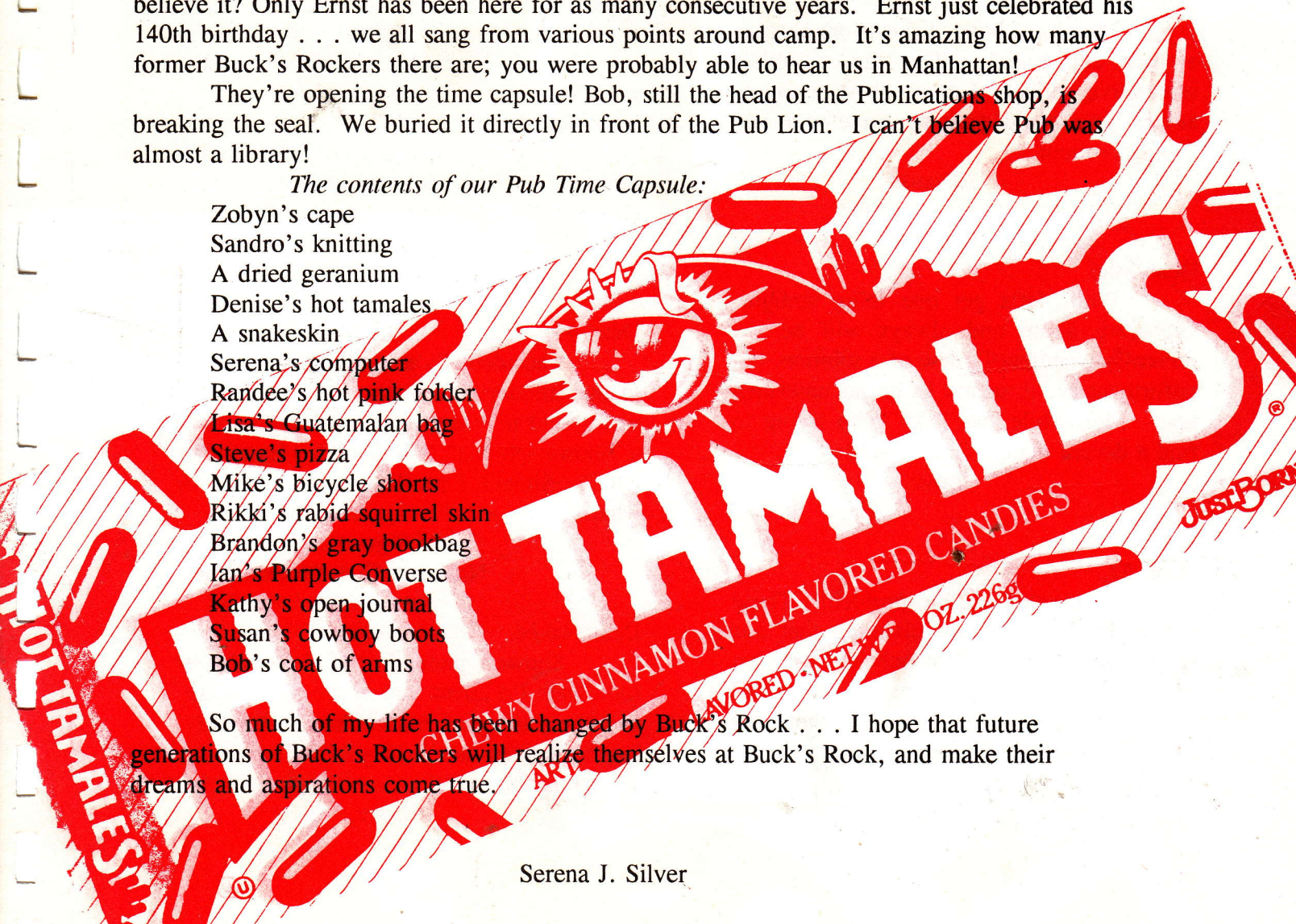
They're opening the time capsule! Bob, still the head of the Publications shop, is breaking the seal. We buried it directly in front of the Pub Lion. I can't believe Pub was almost a library!

The contents of our Pub Time Capsule:

- Zobyn's cape
- Sandro's knitting
- A dried geranium
- Denise's hot tamales
- A snakeskin
- Serena's computer
- Randee's hot pink folder
- Lisa's Guatemalan bag
- Steve's pizza
- Mike's bicycle shorts
- Rikki's rabid squirrel skin
- Brandon's gray bookbag
- Ian's Purple Converse
- Kathy's open journal
- Susan's cowboy boots
- Bob's coat of arms

So much of my life has been changed by Buck's Rock . . . I hope that future generations of Buck's Rockers will realize themselves at Buck's Rock, and make their dreams and aspirations come true.

Serena J. Silver



Dear AJ,

Dear AJ,

What is the 6-inch rule? How does it apply to Buck's Rock life?

Signed,
Wondering in Boys House Up

Dear Wondering,

You're too young to be asking this! Besides, "Buck's Rock is not a makeout camp!"

Love,
AJ

Dear AJ,

I think the boys in this camp need an attitude adjustment. They are complete insensitive jerks. I hope there is some advice you could give or something you could do about it?

Thanks,
Mad

Dear Mad,

Well, let's get one thing straight. Guys are slime and always will be. I fervently wish that I knew of a solution, but unfortunately, it seems to be an unwritten law. Meanwhile, we'll all keep trying to find a decent male. Good Luck!

Love,
AJ

Dear AJ,

I have this terrible problem. These American Colonists are claiming that our spelling is incorrect! Not only did we start the English Language, but we all know America would never survive without the good old United Kingdom! Jolly rude of them, eh?

Yours Sincerely,
A. Brit.

Dear A. Brit,

I know what you mean. As an American who prefers British spellings, I am constantly being yelled at about words like "theatre" and accused of being pretentious. Ah well, we'll just have to put up with the ninnies!

Love,
AJ

Dear AJ,

I have heard through the Grapevine (Buck's Rock being the rumor mill that it is) that the original AJ is presently working for the Communist Party in France. Is this true, and if so, who is answering this question?

Signed,
Guessing in Girls Annex 1

Dear Guessing,

Dear AJ is a legacy left to me by the original AJ. The original columnist is no longer with us. Interpret as you will.

Love,
AJ

Dear AJ,

I accidentally sent all of my clothing to the laundry this week. My roommates won't lend me theirs because I sort of have a "shower-phobia" (I'll discuss it in another letter). Should I walk around naked, or what?

Signed,
Naked in Girls House Down

Dear Naked,

Shower phobia! If I was your roommate I'd throw you in the pool! Wash, and then ask your roommates. Anyway, laundry comes back Friday. Don't make the same mistake twice!

Love,
AJ

Dear AJ,

Recently I got my arm caught in one of the presses at Pub. My once flabby upper arm is now slim and attractive (well, once you get past the bruising.) Well, I was wondering if it would be possible to slide my entire body into the press, maybe to achieve that slightly purple, anorexic model appeal?

Is this a completely unfeasible request to make of Pub?

Signed,
Waiting in Girls Annex Cabins

Dear Waiting,
Definitely unfeasible!

Love,
AJ

Dear AJ,

I really like this guy! We're perfect for each other. We like the same music, movies, etc., but he's going out with this other girl who's mean to everyone. We used to talk a lot, but he stopped now. I'm really sad and don't know what to do. He won't get out of my mind!

Help!
Obsessed

Dear Obsessed,

It's clear that this guy is being an idiot, especially if he's going out with a girl who's mean. I say confront him and ask him why he's been giving you the cold shoulder. Guys can get confused and try to solve their problems by ignoring the people that cause them. You've got to make this guy realize how much that can hurt the person he's ignoring, namely you.

Love,
AJ

Dear AJ,

This guy I was dating cheated on me. I know I should hate him but I still love

him. He is with somebody else now, and I'm very jealous. I know he would go back out with me. If I ever went back to him, my friends would kill me. What should I do?

Worried,
Blind Love

Dear Blind,

Wake up! Your friends are right! This guy is scum of the earth. Let him rot! If he cheated on you, he probably never cared about you anyway. Find someone who deserves your loyalty.

Love,
AJ

Dear AJ,

I seem to have formed an attraction for men in Birkenstocks. This fetish, or obsession you could say, started last summer when I was first exposed to the crunchy sandal-like shoes which expose dirty, unwashed, ugly feet. This would normally be a controllable problem, but here at Buck's Rock, Birkenstocks are plentiful.

Sincerely,
The Daughter of a Shoe Salesman

Dear Daughter,

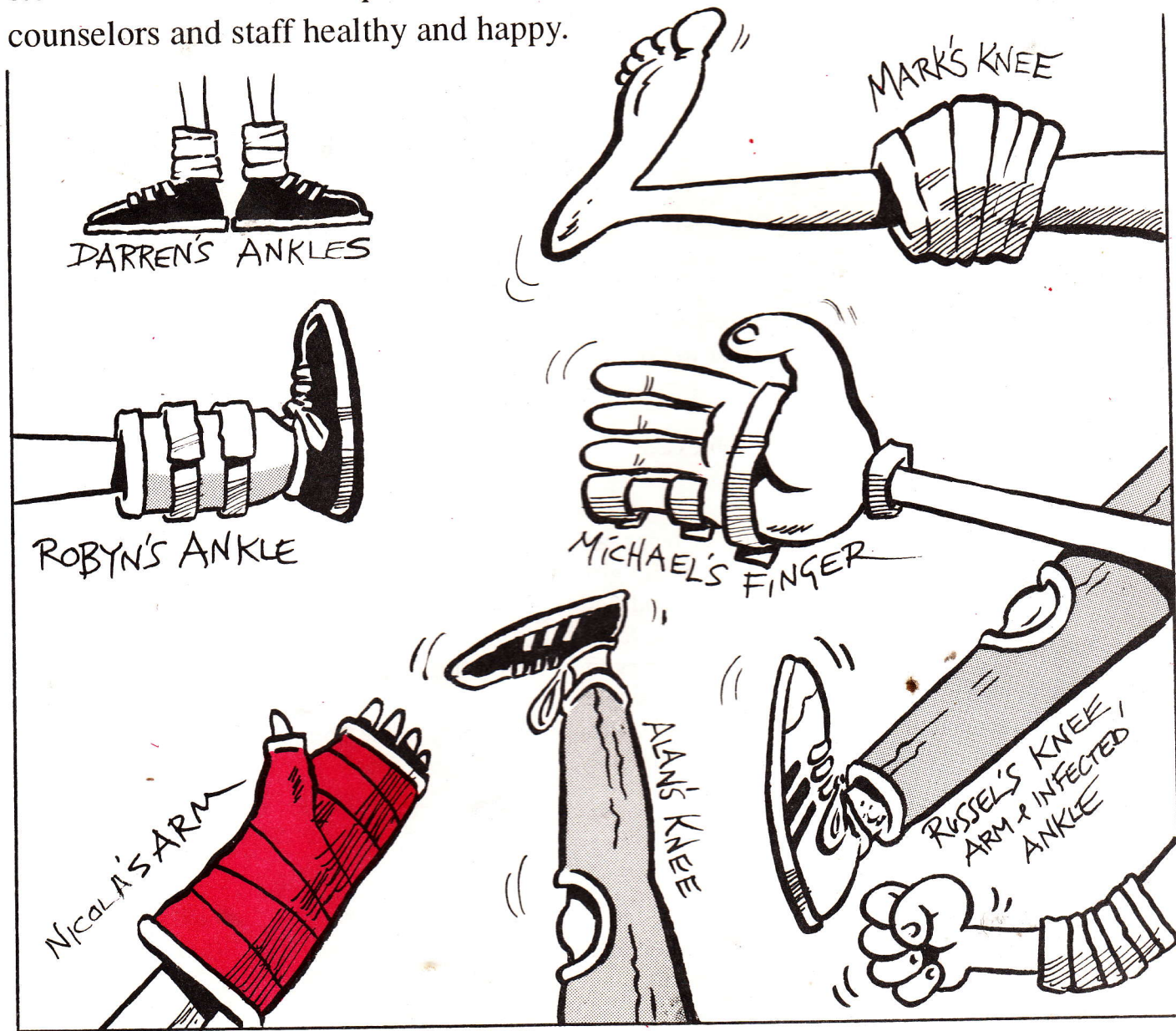
Try a blindfold, so that you can't see people's feet. Buy some new shoes, too.

Love,
AJ

Confidential to "Confused in Girl's Terrace": Check out the poem entitled *head games*, in the literary arts section.

DISPENSARY

This summer, if you were ill or under the weather (let's not discuss rain again), if you needed tender loving care, a warm hug or a cold ice pop, you eventually sought out the wonderful, professional nurses at the dispensary: Astrid Siemerink, Mandy Stimpson, Cynthia Jenkins-Hassan, Susan Findley, and Linda Samuels. They were kept on their toes by a few accident-prone English counselors (not mentioning any names, Russell) who relieved the boredom of stomach aches and mosquito bites. Their terrific job this summer kept campers, counselors and staff healthy and happy.



C.I.T. Last Will and Testament

The Girls

Heather Andes-Lauren, her own door into Gilder, a book of excuses so he doesn't drag you off alone, a shared brain with Lauren, free fencing lessons with no expiration date, a sculpture, your own supply of everyone else's clothing, Bomb Boy, an alarm clock, a dictionary, all the advice Kate possesses, proof of our alter-egoship, knowledge of the fact that we are living the same life, more cliques, double of everything we have in common.

Naomi Bernstein-Library of music, a day when no one asks her for a pitch, the talent of blowing a cat through a straw; CHECK you can DO everything else - hon! (just kidding), someone to give violin lessons to, a new Grease t-shirt, music that won't hurt your ears, a copy of "The Fall of the House of Usher", a five leaf clover, lots of hugs and kisses (Josh), hairless legs for the rest of your life, a week without perfect pitch, straight hair for one day.

Jennifer Brandes-All the goats that she can milk, a laser printer, a new digestive system, an entire winter without goats, someone who doesn't know your mind, a lifetime of rainy birthdays, to be surrounded by intelligence, all the animals at the animal farm, the birdhouse, folkwear, a lifetime supply of weirdness, Millie, a cosmic fan, Andre, fencing, powers of regeneration, The Wizard of Oz in Latin, a lunacon, life without N.E., 300 yards of SILK, braids, Eriond's blessing, and the Book of Dath, whenever we write it.

Emma Bryant-Blonde hair dye, the light, A B C D E F G Which one are we?, a job as a back up singer, more hair dye, a How-Not-To-Look -Sweet kit, a green streak, breakfast with milk, a Barbie doll, a hysterical dinner, lots of laughs, someone who makes her laugh, dye the colors of the rainbow, blue hair dye remover, a big box of old fashioned Quaker oats, the male/female game, a wind-up Devin toy, Randee's black and white polka-dotted bikini.

Bari Cayne- a faithful boyfriend that she can't get sick of, a mouse trap, Feb mix, a bottle of Maalox, a - - - therapist, someone who likes her shoes back, the other one, one guy to be "in love" with forever, more 80's music, a bed that won't shake no matter what "or who" is in it, SIN-HEAD Tape, blue suede Keds, Clearly Canadian, an All Women's Vegas act, a bone, Vega extinguisher, a one week anniversary, chance to own The Body Shop, new scars to show, someone to show your scars to with nice shoes, a book of obscene gestures, Baby-Baby, move it on up like a sex machine.

Lauren Coburn-Heather, pop, kleenex, suckers, a lifetime supply of Mr. Phipps, a box of Devil's Foodcake cookies and cyanide in case you want to give one to any of your other friends, pretzel chips, a shared brain with Heather, free fencing lessons with no expiration date, more soup, a mouse exterminator, ability to get off your bed without hitting Lisa, another sleeveless shirt, another alter ego, the number four, a lifetime supply of glow-in-the-dark stars.

Adrienne Cook- If you don't know by now, I won't tell you, Gavroche, a world of individuals, association with intelligent people only, the tree in the Vale, another cloak, Becky, a double r, a cloak, a return to individuality, the slums of Saint Michelle, the complete works of William Shakespeare, the plug ... the wall ... the BIRDHOUSE, all sugar packets, the alphabet (double L and double R included of course), someone as wonderfully crazy as herself to be with, Les Miserables in every possible language, fluency in French, a brush, Aphrael, scissors, red hair dye, tangoing ability, i-sane, a perpetual ego trip, Talen, a time machine set to 1832, an occupied elephant, red hair, Eriond's blessing, and the Book of Dath, whenever we write it.

Tamara DeSilva-a bathroom with an open vent, Bobby Silverman (Hee Hee Hee), an autographed copy of a book written by Dr. Ruth, lifetime supply of Tori Amos tapes, some camels with light humps, a meeting with Morrissey, the loft in the village, years and years of the special walks we had, you are so perverted, some clover, Dave all year round, Carrie's friendship forever, Ports, five hours, a cup of coffee with Morrissey, a mixed tape, Tori, Mere's boxers, long-confessions, a trip to Trinidad, the gojo dispenser, oil sticks, another hour of Morrissey, Nick's left leg, Morrissey in her bedroom, a Five Towns attitude, assistance in warping, great walks and talks---Boston forever!!!

Samantha DeWitt-free time, an orange name tag, itsy bitsy spider, a lifesize cat-in-the hat doll, ability to keep your Docs for a whole week without Lisa borrowing them, the part of Sonnerie, a stuffed animal of a cat that is alive, a red flannel shirt, a can of (what else?) Spam, a list of where the C.I.T.'s work, Devil's Foodcake cookies ... what else?

Kate Fried-a private hat designer, edible containers, a lifetime supply of Cup O' Soup, the secret of the stupid stretch- o.k. back on floor legs crossed and up now lift!?!?, therapy, cripple insurance, a new alarm clock, the piece

that goes over your camera, frozen yogurt (the soft kind), a decent photo of Lauren, little plastic dolls so we can say that we had boyfriends for the summer--"Mr. Jones."

Katherine Hagman-A one way sign and a reason to use it, oh! all the breakfast treats she can eat, never to be called Katie again (sorry), a Major Deegan- and a minor one if you want it, plastic knives, a quiet bunk, loads of thanks (Kirsten), a Weed Eater, a pillow attached to a scrunchie in a bag with a hat, Becky, a night without Carrie and Kim, a lizard, an empire dress, a waterfall, a black Mitsubishi Mirage, every early eighties pop song ever written, a message board for everyone you know, happy 80's music.

Jordana Haspel-A glare, somebody to tango with, a perfect pitch, a painting that can't be copied, Silk- if he's not too old for you, an hour off everyday, pillow fights, a tango dress, a not so innocent looking face, Phantom, her own bed, the ability to fence, a drowned kitten, wind (words), cousin Billy Bob, Bargello scissors, her own art studio, the Paris Opera House and everything inside it, a pitch pipe, Eriond's blessing, and the Book of Dath, whenever we write it.

Aviva Hirsch-A good time, something to put in the C.I.T show, Matt Stromberg's help, a visit from our mutual friend "The Cat", a kiss, fat, Carrie's body fat and frizz revitalizer, the perfect guy!, the best life that she could possibly have, another bathing suit, her own music video, a really hot and spicy sausage, (J/K), a big bar of chocolate, the perfect man, a million ways to get out of work in the afternoon, Megan's eternal friendship, trust, self-confidence, Also- airflights, more vintage clothing, thanks for your good advice!

Kirsten Johnson- a long backrub, a cat in the hat "hat", a real glass piece, backstage pass to Lollapalooza!, a spot on the cover of Vogue, fishnet gloves and socks, I'm not beautiful I'm goofy, some new stockings, a night free of laundry, the wish of your existence as Frankenfurten in your next life, a complete set of fishnets, a full drawer of fitted mesh stockings, some --- appeal, Meredith's cuteness, the Bermuda triangle, Meredith's love, a fond farewell, a different color hair for every day of the year, one choice of hair color, the moon, fishnets in every imaginable color, another session, a full body fishnet outfit, help starting her belt without having to wait a century, a black stretchy dress with the funky sunglasses.

Tia Keenan-Happiness, all the treats she can eat, fifteen things in the last will, black slinky dress, a white crate-"Does this have dirty clothes in it?", a different Sinead tape, Sarah-you were meant for each other, another date with Ed Budd, Jeffrey Paul Bobrick, a Chewbacca costume, a bigger bed (so we can all fit in it), Allison and Kate's wardrobe, everything thick and thin (I promised you), someone who will listen when you scream, some action, yeast, Andy's radio show, longer bangs, a smaller forehead, thorny bush, dancing lessons with Liza Minnelli, a 24 hour tigress of love, a 5:45 wake-up call, a black Betsey Johnson dress- rhinestone Keds- a silver scrunchie and a satin jacket.

Meredith Krantz-Smashing Pumpkins, a morning to sleep late, a "no-tresspassing" sign, keep your shirt on, dance like the wind, Satan's bible to scare her school mates, a week back in her old school, her own pair of green sweatpants, a teleporter so you can go back to West Hartford whenever you want, real flowers, enough preppy clothes to last a lifetime, James, a happy birthday hug, a hysterical dinner at a terrible restaurant, thanks for your advice.

Melinda Leader- a phonecall from Anthony "No, no, no, I love you", a bat to beat the wild cats up, an "A" on the Regents, the perfect moment with Ant-knee, a razor to shave your legs, a Mickey Mouse doll, eye shadow collection, Kim's whole wardrobe, Anthony, a phone call, good luck with Anthony, "We are meant for each other-but not today," a date with a Mafia kingpin, your own personal phone here, a beauty salon just for Bari.

Eva Levinson- a good race, a day that someone doesn't borrow something from you, a horse that doesn't smell, Reebok running shoes, shark - shark FISH- ahhh!!, more clones, a ghetto in the jungle where you can be a monkey and never be separated from Babar, Da monkey, CVS, a pet monkey to stroke, dance ability, non-stained clothes, peg leg Pete back, Meredith's friendship, a day when nobody calls you, good vibrashyon, a shotgun, a movie with a plot, Andy's nail polish collection, John Walsh, more nail polish, a monkey farm, a soggy piece of bread, cow- cow.

Staci Lichterman- ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS!@*!-There is a clean up on aisle five-(on Staci's thermal knee high socks), a roommate, a publisher for her life story, hair dye, a roommate, an apple, a K-Mart of your own, someone to listen to her.

Ona Magaro- A real chiropractor, a phone call from Jarod, a softball field, lights to turn on, a peaceful dinner with family, friendship, love, luck, a bathing suit that will never fit Mary Jane, an apple, batting practice that Ari never

Pavoreal, "Thelma and Louise", Pizzeria Uno bathroom, "Just Kidding" BEEP-BEEP-BEEP.....

B.G. Seaman-A lifetime subscription to Lucas film fan club, a light saber, ring around the rosy, a new last name, respect from all of the cheese C.I.T's, a job recommendation at the animal farm, a new cape, Steven Spielberg's brain, a Jedi cloak, an intergalactic lover, Luke Skywalker, My Jedi Journal-by Yoda, free long distance phone calls, pigtails, the ability to be six forever, a lifetime supply of hugs, Chess, Masters of the Universe, the Millenium Falcon, spandex (I mean Poly-cotton), indulgence, the complete Star Wars Trilogy on laser disc, Eriond's blessing, and the Book of Dath, whenever we write it.

Lisa Sklar- a ruler to measure some important things, more Village Voice newspapers, red ribbons, a new game, whips and chains, all rainy days, the rehearsal shed, a camper, toilet paper, vanilla wafers, your very own message board, men with perms, a night without Carrie and Kim, a full shop, Tetris, pizza in the rehearsal shed, a kitchen hat and gloves, our version of "Here We Come a Roving", pizza, laugh and stick your tongue out.

Molly Small-a person who knows where you really live, Sam's hair so she can have yours, black socks, Hollywood, a trip to Lollapalooza, friends who don't fight, eggroll to eat, plethora of cheap lobsters, a soap opera free of rehearsals, Steve so your life can be lived as it was meant to be, something new to learn, a lifetime friendship with Meredith, flavored ice, the Bermuda triangle, a bottle of conditioner, enough fimo to buy your tickets, her own soap opera, a shaved head, rehearsals that end, another Bastille Day massacre, another blue wax ring.

Cora Reiser-Schaktman- a lifetime supply of rose cream, a multitude of long flowy skirts, gum, roses and more roses, world peace, happiness, a way to do anything you want and still be happy, a reusable ticket to wherever she wants, chickery to feed, complete happiness, rhythm, time to talk to Steve, marbles, more talc powder, a water bottle, randomness, friends who cheer you up when you talk to them, a flowery smelling scent.

Amanda Stein-a personal mother-like waker upper, a conveyer belt to deliver the laundry, Henry, 2 whips, a big hug, cowboy boots, an anti-Colin beeper, an alarm clock that will get her up, a chance to stay up all night and talk, a hug me sticker, someone to hug, victory, a game of spoons and a whole lot of love, a perfectly thrown and trim pot, a hi, clothing (optional), an Oscar award, more sparkles for her eyes, to live in nobody's shadow- and happily, a new head of hair (sorry about the blow torch), a sound enhancing plastic cup, HELLO just wanted to say hi HELLO.

Dana Stix- Snacktime, sleep, a camera of her own, shampoo that smells after you blow dry your hair, a friday night without an improv class, the middle shower first, a leash to keep someone in your grasp, dark colored clothes, roasted M&Ms, less rehearsals, a pool to laugh in, a hot shower, even more snappy comebacks, growth hormone pills, softer graceful hands, a diet, plastic surgery, a mirror to look in, people who like you, free time, "We were never meant for each other anyway," a never-ending tan, some more space for our cosmetics, a medicine chest.

Stacey Topel- A date, a good night of sleep (no puking), a clean place to live, black Esprit shoes, Katie's two fingers, an itchy back, a visit at 1:00, I'm going to throw up-- GET OUT!!!!, yet another fight with Jason, , a day when you don't look "that fat" and a day when you can look in the mirror and say I'm not "that ugly" but that day may never come! - and Stacey gosh darn it -people like me, a bed away from a stream, Melinda and Anthony on a plate, you can give me a ride in your new car, my voluptuous curves, print letters, a real job, non-preppy clothes, one last cake fight, "Show me the way home, baby," Burger King crowns, nametags, a piece of the bagel from the glass shop, a highway to ride all night long, BOSTON, matching silk pajamas, a glass piece.

Joanna Weiner- anti-Tori Amos clique, her own personal library, someone to wake up Katie and Tamara, a face-talk-or laugh that doesn't sound like your brother or sister, a ticket to anywhere, a book of 101 useless jokes, a best friend in Virginia, clean roommates, a lifetime supply of those Caran D'ache things James lent you, a skunk, the opportunity to eventually give Lauren a tatoo, a diamond -bracelet- making lesson because she will have forgotten how to make them, a personal wake-up call.

Mary Jane Wojciechowski-A visit from all the guys from boys shops, a night without a cat, anything you want, Bari's leftovers, a lifetime supply of beautiful bras, all the guido clothes in the world, bulliten, an Olympic diving pool, good timing, a bathing suit that fits, a nightly visit from a cat, three more, a harder job, a gun to shoot cats with, Niles, a job, lots of things for her last will, a man, her mother, a tent, her boyfriend the cat, a less violent lyfestyle, rap songs, Girls in the Hood, what does your name really stand for?, action.

Alanna Yudin- a sleeveless Gap shirt, nail polish remover, recording of her name song, pretty bras and underwear, the best drums that money can buy, one night to fall asleep to Led Zeppelin, time travel to change the moment you embarassed "someone", a tango lesson, a recording studio, ear plugs, knives for the PB&J, pretty feet, hell, all

Montagues and thee, our soul sisterhood (Meredith), an Indian's hat, golden drumsticks, a Vega extinguisher, peppermint foot lotion, a cake fight on your birthday.

The Boys

Jeff Bobrick- another pair of hands, your own T.V. show, some time off, Katie Schumaker, watch out for that softball, one free game of "do you trust me", something to loosen you up, Elvis, a 50's dance.

Jesse Bonderman- a month free, "Amanda", hug, poetry, a new gross book, the skill to make every tree perfect, pink hair, his own theatre department to run as he sees fit, a voice, a new clock, a new mug, peanut butter/jelly and white bread, my Lever 2000 because you know the Devil's got your number, one relaxing day, a portable toilet and shower.

Zack Brown- a lifetime supply of Pumas, something that won't offend him, a shower, my moms, A world free of acid-washed jeans, Pumas that Kirsten won't touch, a personal hygiene kit, a friend in Florida, MCA in Full Effect '92, a belt loom, one forty watt bulb, clothes that fit that sexy bod, another outfit, inaugurated the fourth Beastie boy, Clinique makeup, all Josh's clothes so he can go for that Italian look, a new flannel shirt, prozac for his bozak, chill pills, a belt, handcuffs, a bed, a crazy good looking British Habiv, a bed to sleep in all day.

Devin Clark- some more obscene gestures, a house, a hysterical dinner, a piggyback ride, a highway to ride all night long, never ending laughter, Daffy Duck costume, a new abode, temptation, a derby, a plane ticket to Calcutta, more old men, "shoving whippersnappers away", something funky, a house with a bed, homeless Calcutta HABIV, Emma, a world of silence, a shopping cart, a cardboard box, ninja silence, a summer house, a red dot.

Ari Dlugacz- Pearl Jam, a gold medal in 96, ability to sing with a more open mouth, another dilznik, "nay", a few apologies, a twenty-four pack of Sunkist, a girl who is good enough to deserve you, no women whining about "x" boyfriends, his own rock band, a good woman with a good mind, a person just as nice as you, son, a little story for you, Bobby's voice, you broke the one year curse-too bad!, a piggy back ride.

Andrew Geha- Gourmet jellybeans, a key to the prop attic, a life without techs, a prize for the best last name, an intelligent audience, a back massage, new lyrics for his music, new music for his lyrics, a favorite expressway, a rehearsal shed in his home town, Margaret, peace, Teela, lifetime supply of fudge, an authentic one-of-a-kind cloak, a better strangle-hold, a Major Deegan, ANOTHER haircut and shave from supercuts.

David Gilbert- A job, Cool shades, a cure to the syndrome, 20/20 vision, sense of smell, a new pair of sunglasses, an identity other than juror #10 and Pope Clement VI, free long distance phone calls, a Star Trek encyclopedia, a new ending to Far And Away.

David Goldman- Randee, his own Girbauds, pants that actually fit, Mark, a blow up doll, hair, an everlasting BEEK, Sprite man, skin toner, Randee, hair that doesn't grow back, a black HABIV, 125th street barber shop, a jar of black face cream, Randee, new music, black spray paint, MCA in Full Effect '92, more HABIV stickers, a blow pop, Randee, Melons, a book on "How to have a Successful Relationship", Randee, the song 'Lies', a cure for color blindness, Randee, his own street gang, all the C.I.T girls, a bottle of bleach to bleach his mind to its original color, 10,000 tanning pills, a black father, a Florida State hat, Randee's necklace and ring, a memorable tape, never-ending talks, a new hat, color check, an economy-size bottle of Drakkar Noir, the best computer you could ever want, good/O.K., The Mens Charter Alliance - Never forget Boston.

Brandon Goldstein-Randee (from Dave), rash cream, devil sticks, the lyrics to "American Pie", a shop that makes you work, a school with girls, time-lots and lots of time, all the stuff that Adam stole from you, Sam, the Big Dipper.

Josh Ilutzi- a blow dryer, a producer and a recording studio, the Italian Mafia empire, guitar mastery, an Italian heritage, Drakkar, silk sheets, I owe you a meatball hero, a new dangly earring, better songs to sing, a purple polyester leisure suit, a green hat with a feather in it, Platform shoes, show me the way home, babe, The Gap, a relationship that works, a second showing of Unlawful Entry, a girl who expresses her true feelings, MCA in Full Effect '92, a lasso, an Italian flag, a night without bed check, offensive, disgusting, another funny story, hair grease, a silk suit, another funny story, long talks, lyrics to your songs, a girl who deserves you, you are a great friend.

David Kaminsky-a new lifetime goal, a french foil, the best computer in the world, the DOS reference book, silence, red nail polish, May the lords Penn and Teller be with you, straight jacket, Dead tapes because you have

none, A #1 paper (never!), an ax, a free meal at "Bernies Burritos", his lifetime goal, a razor, an ax, a three inch piece of plywood (and a hammer just in case).

Josh Kizner- a friend of your girlfriend who won't beat you up because she felt like it, a non-villainous role, a scrunchie, a girl who isn't a loon, the morning shift, a fro pick, A jeri curl relaxer, a good song to dance to, a coat made out of his own hair, a cold Pepsi, something he wants, a pair of scissors, all of Ari's Zepplin tapes even if he has them, babe-o-licious, a deck of cards

Andrew Lampert- to get out of here, the perfume he wanted from Quincy market, Kim Gordan and honey, five weeks was too long buddy, a punch in the face, finally your sweatshirt from Alanna, ticklish knees.

Gabe Pagano- the footage of Scott, a much quieter laugh, Devin's headphones, a less random laugh, a circus with Austin and Alex, cigar boxes, Austin, a really big hug, can you imitate him at dinner- how about dining ... ok let's go- no wait a second ok, gum of his own, a day that Sarah doesn't shower during rest hour.

Jonathan Rosenfield- an NBA championship title, a baseball hat, lighter fluid, Oh-My-Gawd, hit a home run and I'll give you a kiss, a job, a lesson on how to teach guitar, a private jet (to get to and from camp as he pleases), a basketball game with Nirvana.

Adam Rothenberg- an unslanted bed, Madonna, booya, the Print Shop, Paula Abdul, Bedelia's cake, sleep, a complete Umbro wardrobe, a hot and spicy jalapeno pepper, Madonna tapes, stationary, bumper stickers, his own Print Shop, envelopes.

Jason Rothenberg- a good man with a good mind, MCA in Full Effect '92, an hour shower whenever he wants, the antidote to his humble changing problem, a night when you can tell Dana all your girl problems and her friendship whenever you need it, two more days with no kitchen help, a good massage 24 hours a day, compliments from James Dupree, talkies and a lot of backrubs for Frank, a psychologist, a surprising and embarrassing greeting, the meal I owe you, my minuteman/firehose stuff, a new hat, Rebecca, a ring, a good talk, anything in the world.

Jeff Samuels- a pitchpipe, all of Josh's cool T-shirts, some muscles, height, another brother, a case of Gold Rubies, Megan's friendship, growth hormones, a good leg, lacrosse practice, a sour patch kid from Randee's mouth, a glass blowing lesson.

Dave Schaeffer- Nick's N.Y. Yankees hat, an English accent (to be like Marc), Brandon's electric razor, cheese, a day when we're not very different, cheese, a guy bigger than you to keep you in your place, Marc and Simon, MCA in Full Effect '92, a ceiling to spit on and a toilet, a kiss (on the cheek, what kind of girl do you think I am), a collar to attach the leash, more shelves for your clothes that are all over the floor, all my love and ME forever (Dana), a razor for his brain, Katie's dollar, a full beard, a pair of pants, jeans that fit.

Colin Schliefer- Metallica, a sound proof room where he can play guitar all day without bothering anyone, a dent in all three of his guitars, a real foil, guitar lessons, talent in ping pong, a tangerine.

Matt Stromberg- some pockets, a pigeon he stopped, the left or the right one, sun, happy handling, clothing that isn't J. Crew or Gap, a pet pigeon, a pair of shorts since he loves wearing them so much, anti-itch powder, MCA in Full Effect '92.

Dan Walfish- A granola bar, a typical Buck's Rock poem, a picture of Vanilla Ice, a dark room free of Kirsten, a long broom, a good life with Mr. Larson, the llama, a list of drunk songs, a bird house, \$1.25-use it well, Ernst, meow meow, a better alarm clock, farm animals year round, pink perfume stationery, the power to be meow meow for a day, a bicycle pump, a perfect print of Mazzy, a long talk with your psychiatrist, you've been acting strange lately, a blow pop, until Labor Day ...

Mike Walfish- a free session of acting classes focusing on ROMANCE on stage, Mondo-cow, a lifetime supply of Gojo miracle hand cleaner, Firebugs, hot butter on his breakfast toast, the ability to rap, Sarah's undying love and affection, a Bonnie of his own, a diary, dental floss, may every weld be a stack of dimes, a jury, recorder lessons, juggling lessons, someone to listen to you rap, a romantic candlelit dinner with a human being, less serious attitude, nose flute the kitchen staff, a pasture full of lonely cows, Sam the cat, a lifetime supply of toothpaste, the softball field at 9:00, an extra week to serve and the correct lyrics to "Who knows one?"

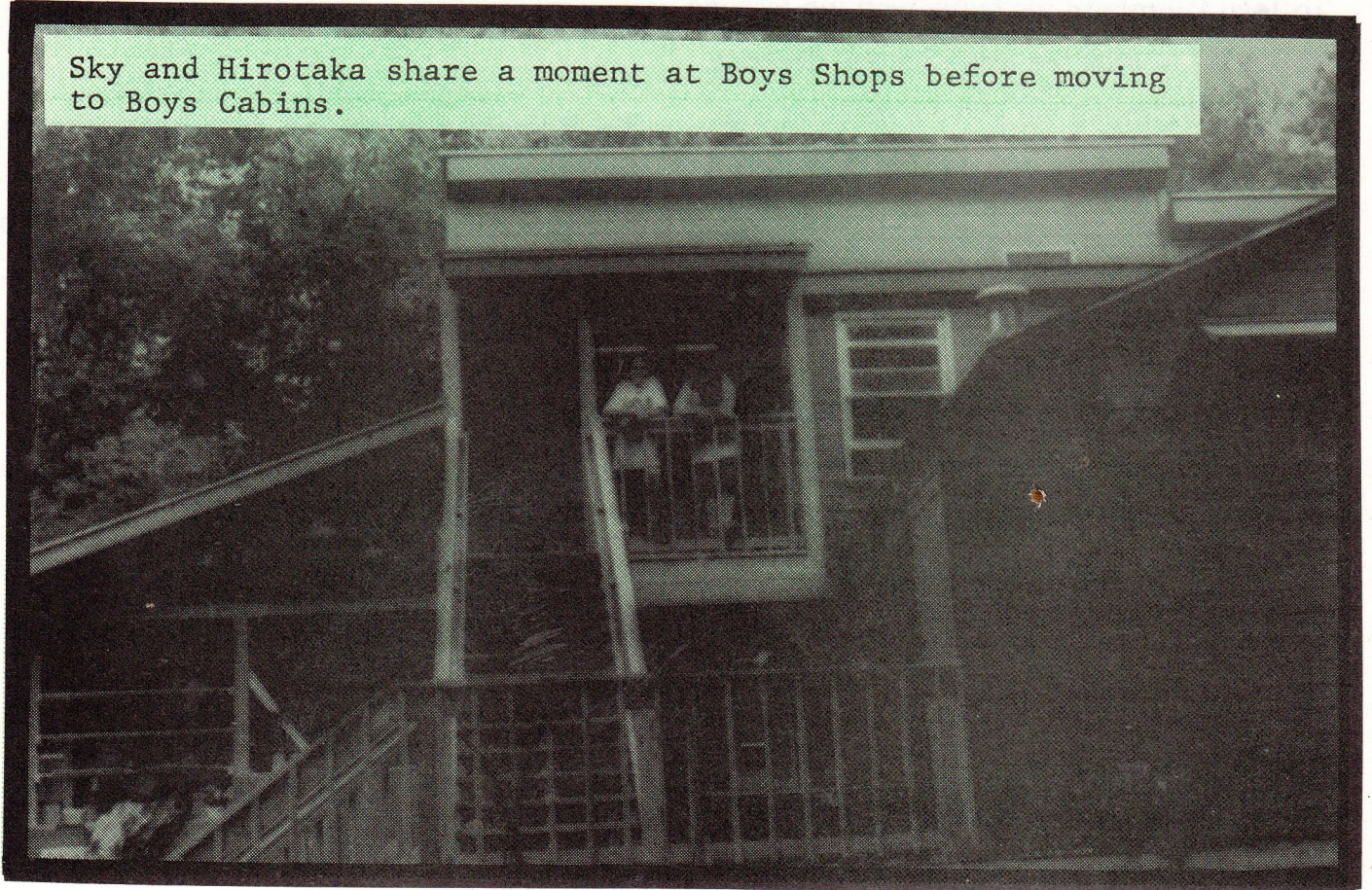
A CLICHE ARTICLE FOR BOYS CABINS UPSTAIRS-1992

Oh, well. It's now August 1 and camp is more than halfway over. For the last four and a half weeks we have been dragged from deep morning sleep by the maniacal screams of the three Boys' Cabins house counselors. We will always remember the bellowing of Barry Tropp, the serious and strict attitude of Gary Phillips, and the craziness of Tony Wansor. The summer would not have been the same without them.

We were very blessed to have a wide variety of campers in Cabins Up this year. Our bunkmates and counselors traveled from exotic locales like Moscow, Washington, D.C., New Mexico, and California to join their Northeastern brothers in the bliss that has come to be known as Buck's Rock. The individual personalities of the Cabins Up residents combined in an amiable manner, and a problem between bunkmates was a rare event. Some of us may have complained about camp from time to time, but everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

I could go on and on about how great July was for Boys' Cabins Up, but the time has come to present the Last Will and Testament for anyone who lived in the bunk this year. I'm sorry for anyone foreign to the bunk, because there are some (okay, a lot of) "inside" jokes here.

Sky and Hirotaka share a moment at Boys Shops before moving to Boys Cabins.



To Mike Fuerstein we leave a hat.
To Dave Brunner we leave Donnie Wahlberg.
To Ruben Brown we leave a comb.
To Will Davis we leave eight Dramamine.
To Brendan Goetz we leave a new hairstyle.
To Luke Thoresen we leave a clean pair of jeans.
To Jeremy Gibson we leave a wig.
To Hirotaka Ueda we leave a shower that works.
To Gabe Pearlman we leave hair relaxant.
To Sergey Chernogorodsky we leave a "geetar" to play.
To Micha Campbell we leave a summer home in North Brunswick, NJ.
To Dan Fortune we leave the keys to both Dan Shacks and a stack of Guess ads.
To Josh Blumberg we leave walking lessons.
To Zack Lutwick we leave human decency.
To Mike Feldman we leave a muskrat trap.
To Adam Detsky we leave self-defense lessons.
To Matt Velick we leave a new wardrobe.
To Robin Adams we leave a pine tree and a pack of Lucky Strikes.
To Adam Linkin we leave a "Big Bottom".
To Jeff Frade we leave some manners.
To Dan Switkin we leave a haircut and a room of his own.
To Niles Roth we leave a belt.

To Pete Glover we leave a bird to nest on his head.
To Sky Ternahan we leave a Swedish haircut.
To Alex Koenigstein we leave a giraffe.
To Dimitri Kavadas we leave Adrian Canoso.
To Adrian Canoso we leave Dimitri Kavadas.
To Jai Granofsky we leave a new radio partner.
To Todd Selby we leave a clean CLOCKWORK ORANGE shirt and oceanography.
To Mike Handler we leave a wooden mouse.
To Jeff Pearlman we leave a computer upgrade.
To Aaron Pedowitz we leave some comics to read in batik.
To Robert Krieger we leave a lie detector test.
To Robert Israch we leave caution in sporting events.
To Andrew Mirsky we leave a horse so he can use his riding boots.

To our Counselors:

To Gary Phillips we leave a Marlene Simon outfit.
To Tony "Mama" Wansor we leave Hooked on Phonics and a small woodland animal.
To Barry Tropp we leave a supply of Rogaine and a HAIR CLUB membership.

The campers of Boys' Cabins hope that everyone has a good life.

Josh Blumberg

The will was written by Josh Blumberg and Zack Lutwick
with Mike Feldman and Gabe Pearlman.

THE KITCHEN

Haute Cuisine Cordon Bleu? Or just 'Burgers and Beans?'

"From us who have baked, boiled, fried (and did we fry), grilled, chopped, cleaned, opened a can, sweated our kishkies off, tore open a packet, generally pandered to your every culinary desire, your every nutritional want and whim, delighted your taste buds, and filled your bellies with food, we salute each and every one of you for eating here, (not that you had a choice for the most part) and we sincerely hope you enjoyed our menu, especially the 'veggies'.

Bless you!!! -- so tell us you love us, -- please."

The Kitchen Staff

I spoke with Kitchen Staff member Mitch Glancy to get an exclusive inside look at the Buck's Rock Kitchen and the people who make it work. I found that the kitchen staff is made up of a hard working, close-knit group of people who take pride in producing high quality food, for huge amounts of people, meal after meal. Now let's meet the individuals behind the culinary excellence.

YOUR '92 KITCHEN CREW : --

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| <u>Al Rubin</u> | Al #1 The big cheese, the big machuten, the guy in charge. Famous Quote: "What, are you crazy? Of course we have it...somewhere ...I think!" |
| <u>Al Braune</u> | Al #2 Baker Supremo, Famous Quote: "Have you heard the one about the" |
| <u>Helene Schneider</u> | The chief can opener, cook and pan washer (but watch the nails). Famous Quote: "Are you sure we have it? Mike or Chris, would you check please?" |
| <u>David Schneider</u> | Assistant (who would like to be in charge) to Helene, best little deep-fat fryer in New Milford. Famous Quote - "No I don't suffer from p.m.s., I'm always like this, the gofers are five seconds late again, hey Al, are you sure we have it in stock?" |
| <u>Richie Bruttaniti</u> | Fantastic cook, definitely not Italian and no mafia connections. Famous Quote: "Mike, I need the pizza sauce now, not next summer!" |
| <u>Mike Rubin</u> | The small cheese, cute hairy legs, Famous Quote: "I'm getting it now." |
| <u>Chris Dicke</u> | U2, Bono, Wrestlemania, Andre the Giant, Shorty. Famous Quote: "No Mike, you can't have an inch, or you'll take a foot." |
| <u>Sharon Farr</u> | A.K.A. 'Ronnie Purplepants,' Kitchen Gofer #1. Famous Quote: "Where you going, banana?" |
| <u>Filiz Bali</u> | Kitchen Gofer #2 Famous Quote: "Make sure you clean it all, including the bread." |
| <u>Beverley Young</u> | Kitchen Gofer #3 Famous Quote: "If it's not Scottish, forget it." |
| <u>Victoria Best</u> | Kitchen Gofer #4 Famous Quote: "Oh no, not more carrots!!" |
| <u>Alan Klieve</u> | Bakers Gofer, hop along, "I love Beethoven, Al, it goes great with Richie's hard rock tape." |
| <u>Fiona Byrne</u> | A.K.A. Fifi Trixabell Dining room Gofer #1 Famous Quote: "...Alright lovey, I've said it once, so I'll say it again." |

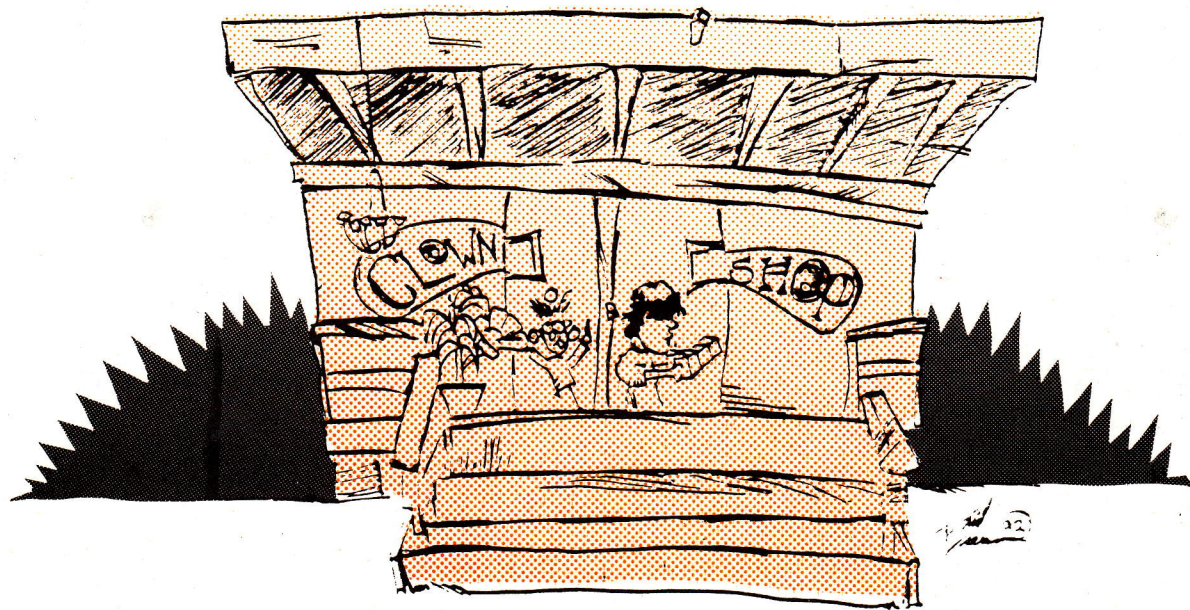
- Mitch Glancy Kitchen Loafer, Famous Quote: "How's it going?"
- Kam Chima Dining room Gofer #2 A.K.A. Kami Knickers Famous Quote: "I could 'a' had class, I could 'a' been a contender instead of a kitchen bum."
- John Macdonald Kitchen Gofer #6, the big Scot, Mr. Dishpan Hands, a living advert for Ajax. Famous Quote: "I agree with Beverley".
- Tahir Nazir Kitchen Gofer #7, he of the whisper, Mr. D. Hands 2nd, Famous Quote: "C'mon John, let's wash and go."
- Samantha Skinner Dining room Gofer #3 Famous Quote: "Yes, I did the floor."
- Jane Abbott Dining room Gofer #4, she of the thumb, Famous Quote: "I agree with Beverly and John."
- Laura Coyne Dining room Gofer #5 Famous Quote: "Look at me, everyone."
- Sarah Terry Dining room Gofer #6 A.K.A. Curly Temples Famous Quote: "Basically....."
- Brenda Corujuo Kitchen Gofer #8, Veggie Chef Extraordinaire Famous Quote: "Tofu, or not Tofu.....
And to those no longer with us (for whatever reason! ! !)
- Malcolm 'X' Michin Former dishpan hands, we miss you Malc, O yes we do. Famous Quote: "Has anyone seen my appendix?"
- Danny Nicholas Mercer Dan, Dan the garbage man, lost to a better bin bag in the truck. Famous Quote: "Mono? My hifi sounds alright to me!"
- Mike Ritchie The guitar man, Famous Quote: "More sauce anyone?"
- Special Mentions**
- Mrs. Braun Mr. Braun's wife, and mum to almost everyone. Famous Quote: "My passport arrived Al, let's go to Italy"
- Jeff Frade The Braune's grandson, never outspoken, always quiet, and never in the way. Famous Quote: "Am I in the way?"
- Bob Angleson Thanks Bob --- enough said!



Monique Lebowitz

The C.C.C.

What is the Capable Construction Crew? I, like most campers here at Buck's Rock, have passed by the signs many times. There are signs on the Art Shop, Pub, Canteen, and Costume Shop. They give dates from the 60's or early 70's with the words, 'Capable Construction Crew Project'.



The CCC was a group of campers that built shops and other buildings over the past 30 years, usually one each year. The CCC was voluntary, and was almost a shop in itself. They built not only the shops above, but Woodshop, The Music Shed, Summer Theatre, The Infirmary, Silkscreen, The Clown Shop, The Octagon, Girls Terrace 1&2, Boy's Annex, and Video. Video, built in 1982, was the final project of the CCC. (Boys Annex was actually built by the Annex Construction Crew, which was part of the CCC.)

The name Capable Construction Crew is from a program that Roosevelt instituted during the Great Depression, the Citizen Conservation Corps, which put citizens to work. The Capable Construction Crew was to have the same initials.

Eventually, maintenance took over building shops. The demand became greater than the supply, as fewer and fewer campers worked with the CCC. Maintenance took over building over the winter, spring and fall, and the CCC was disbanded entirely, in 1982.

Dear Ernst,

This is not a letter to congratulate you for turning 90. It is of course an impressive achievement, but those who know you do not only value you for surviving on an often cruel planet. Michel Eyquem De Montaigne once said, "The value of life lies not in the length of days, but in the way we use them...."

I do not know much about you, your life, or your background. I am sure that you have seen and done much. The fact that I do not know about your life apart from Buck's Rock does not matter. Every time I am near you, I feel building within me the exhilaration of being in the presence of a great man. What you have done in creating, improving, and sustaining Buck's Rock is like a miracle. Through Buck's Rock, you have touched and enriched so many lives. For most of us, it is impossible to conceive of a life without it, and without you.

I salute you for all you have been and all you are. Congratulations on 50 years of Buck's Rock and a spectacular life that is far from over.

Admiringly,
Jeffery Paul Bobrick



Ernst Bulova
BUCK'S ROCK
P.O. BOX 960
NEW MILFORD
CONNECTICUT
06776



Organizing

The first time I laid eyes on my bunk, I could tell that I was going to have a hard time keeping everything in order. I am, as many campers are, quite messy and not very organized. I know myself so well that when I do put my belongings in the right place, I never look in that place because I assume that I left them somewhere else. Anyway, when I saw the cubbies in which we are supposed to keep our belongings, I knew that I had to get organized. I put my shorts together and my shirts together and so on. I was really very proud of myself. However, in the morning rush to get to breakfast, I grabbed my clothes and looked again. There were no more neat piles, no more organization.

I have some ideas for those of us who just can't seem to get ourselves organized. Don't say anything yet, I know the ideas I have may sound strange, but some of these ideas really do work. One idea which works for some people is to slip cardboard in the cubbies and label the areas. Of course a lot of people don't want to take the time to make sure everything is in the right place. Don't lose hope, just stay tuned....

There is the magnetic-scientific way to organize clothes, such as putting different types of magnetic strips of tape on each type of clothing and installing a magnetic board for each type of magnet. (Make sure that the strips on the different types of clothing repel the other magnets on other pieces of clothing. Also, if you walk by a refrigerator, be sure to hold your clothes because otherwise you may find yourself shirtless. Your shirt will be holding up your little brother's fingerpainting.)

If this scientific model of clothing organization sounds too complicated, just read on. One way that many people organize clothes is to put all of the dirty clothes in one basket and the clean clothes in another. This is not very organized, but you then can refrain from wearing a blouse or a pair of pants that have a large spaghetti stain on them to a party full of people you want to impress. If this method is still not you, I have one more great idea. Attach velcro to each item of clothing you own and then attach velcro across your door. So at night when you walk into your room your clothes are already off and stuck at the levels where they are used.

Now, if you cannot use any of these ideas and can't come up with one of your own, I have only one thing to say: "Hire a maid!"



By Emily Lerner

Thoughts While Wandering Through the Exhibition of Staffworks

Is Art necessary?

Art tries to help us solve our problems. Art may provide solutions. But every solution is a problem. Art can provide answers to our problems. But every answer becomes a problem. Art asks questions but every answer leads to questions. Art is magnificent in its ultimate futility.

Masks: Masks hide the face. Masks make us seek the face behind the mask. Masks: What are they hiding? Are they hiding us from ourselves or from the gods we have created? Are they protecting us or revealing us? Masks are circular. They hide and they reveal. Art is circular. Art hides and reveals.

Is a work of Art "A way to deal with summer stress" or a "a communal nervous habit"? the artist asks. The artist in the throes of self-doubt trying to define his/her role as an artist? The artists as metaphors of the work they create? The artists trying to be their own role models.

A self-portrait: Is this the way you see yourself? Is this the way you think others see you? Is this the way you want others to see you? Is this the way you would like to see yourself?

A vision of Tokyo: The Brave New World that is afraid of itself.

Has every Growth a Pattern? Does every Pattern mean Growth?

Fish Tales: Fish in all colors. Fish in all forms. Do they represent the variety in all living things? Art can make us aware of the countless forms around us. The countless colors around us. Art is awareness. Awareness is a form of art. The world around us is of the kind of Variety inherent in all art. Art is variety. Variety is a form of art.

Glass is iridescent, Glass glistens in all colors. Glass is very fragile. So is life. Iridescent glistening and fragile. Life is blown glass. But you must be alive to blow Glass.

A Batiked rooster: He cannot crow. The artist has to crow for him by batiking him.

Acropolis Now: Progress since 400 B.C. Or decline since 400 B.C.? Art can try to give us an answer. So can politics. Can politics be a form of art? Plato thought so. We are not so sure.

Just because something is big, it is not necessarily bigger than a miniature, one hundredth its size. Such is the power of Art.

Black and white can be more colorful than all the hues of the rainbow. Such is the power of Art.

"Untitled" can express the unnamable, leaving you free to communicate with the artist on your terms or refuse to relate. Such can be the power of Art.

"Do Not Touch! Wet clay!" Can that sometimes refer to us? Or to the artist? A warning? A command? Do not touch what is still wet!

A road that narrows to a path ending in darkness: It leads to the entrance of a tunnel. Is there light at the end of a tunnel? Art is still trying to provide an answer, trying to illuminate the ineliminable.

A Wound: There are many wounds not even Art can heal.

Fear: There are many fears that Art cannot allay. But Art can provide courage. Art can also create fears.

The portrait of an Old Woman: She seems to look back on her life as she lived it. Does she regret omissions, does memory help her to celebrate her triumphs? Is she happy with her life as she lived it? Is she sad because life did not give her what she wanted? Did life forget the promises it held out to her? Her expression does not tell us. But Art gives us signals. We may all one day be like the old woman. What shall we see? What will memory tell us? Can memory speak? Or does memory lie? Between promise and deception falls Art like a shadow, serves Art as a light.

Is Art necessary? The answer lies within you. You hold the key that opens the door of Art.

By Ernst Bulova

MY SECOND YEAR IN CAMP

June 30, 1992. I woke in the morning not scared, not nervous, thinking to myself how I was so lucky to go to Buck's Rock for another year. I got dressed and ready to leave by car. I said goodbye to everyone: my brother, my cats, my dog, and most of my friends back home. When I got to camp, I saw lots of old friends. I asked them how they were. I also saw some new faces. I made them feel at home. I looked around, and I said to myself, it has been a year since I was last here. It felt like yesterday. I walked around. That night the camp directors

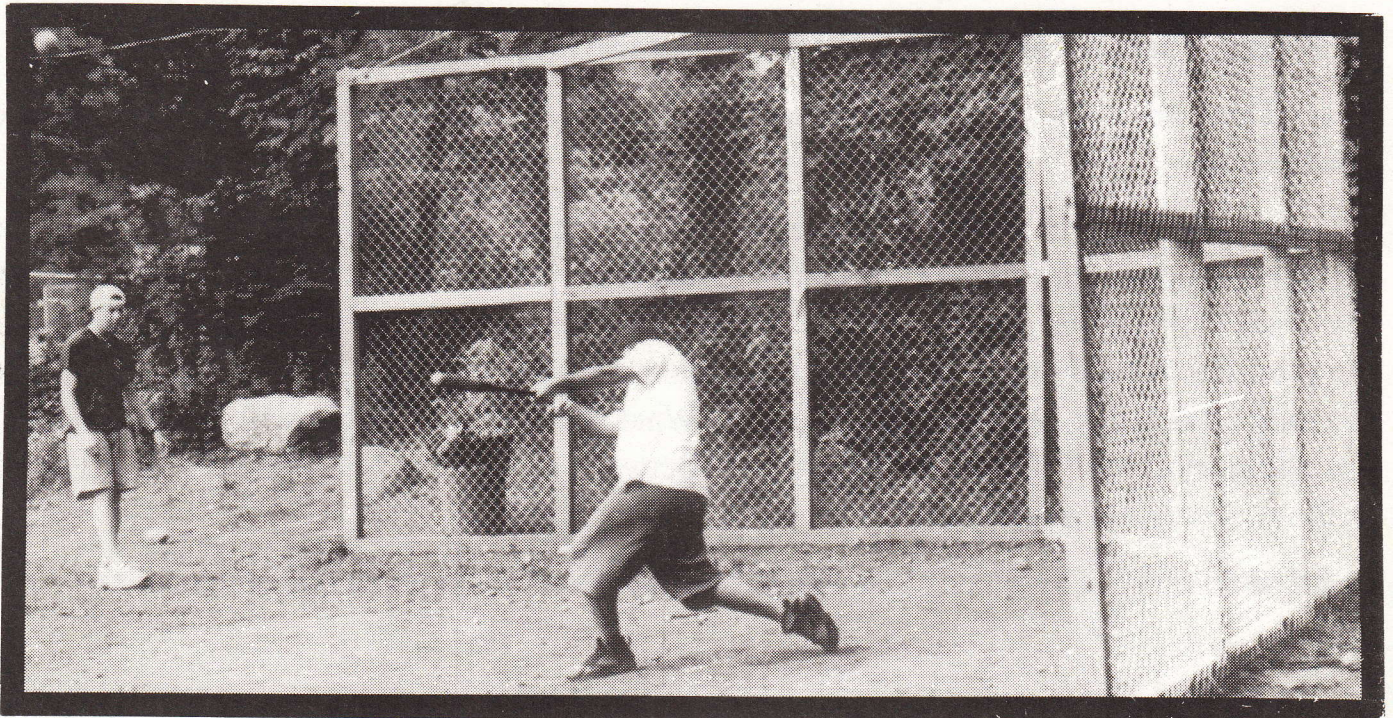


Photo by Daniel Walfish

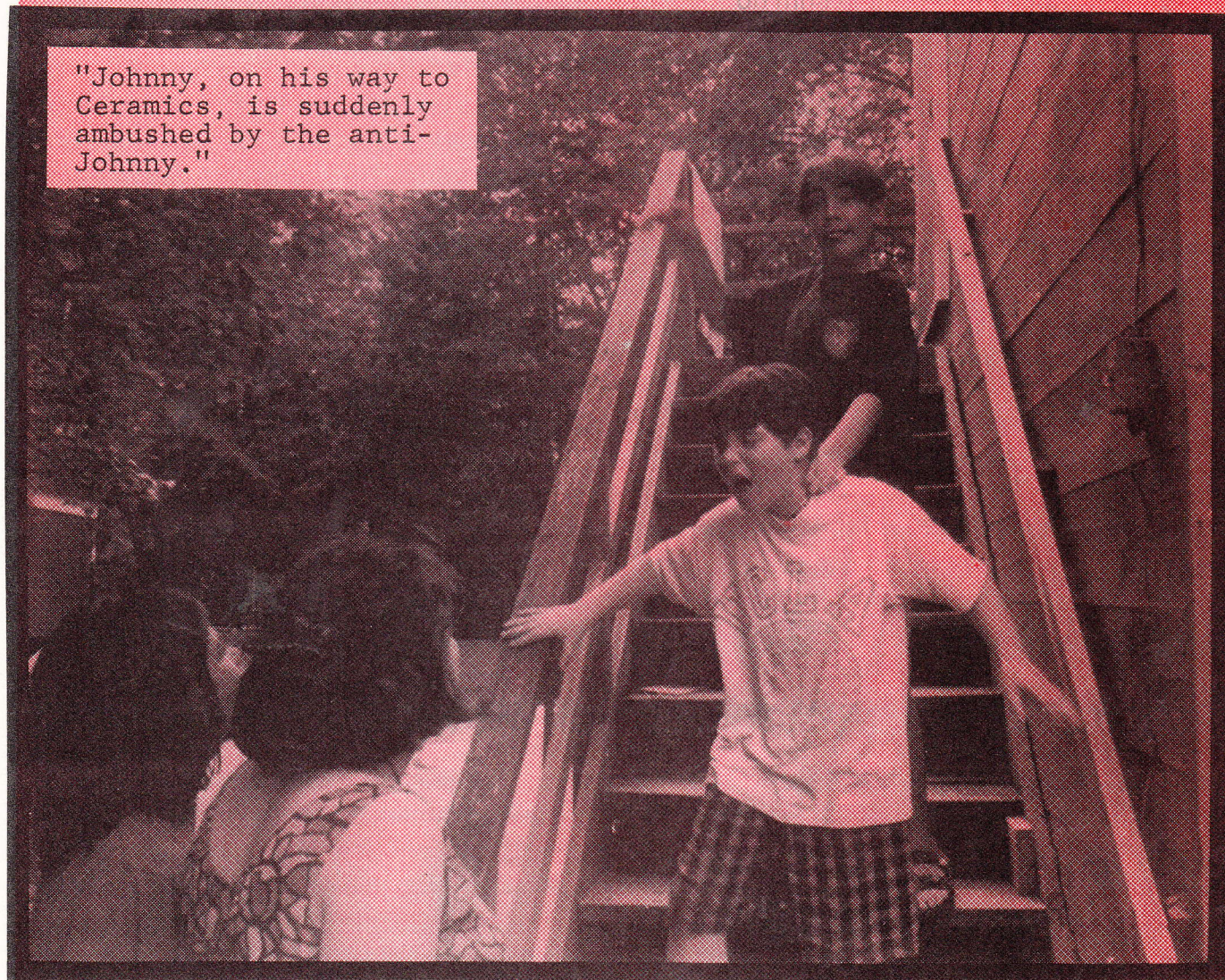
welcomed us. The next morning we had orientation. Then I went to the shops. It was just like last year. But when I really thought about it, it wasn't. It had changed, but I didn't know how it had changed. I remember Ed Budd saying that no two years at Buck's Rock are the same. He was right. No two years are alike. People change, they get more mature, and you try out things that you never did before. Last year my favorite shop was photo; this year it was computers. I also tried out shops like leather and video and entered the watermelon league. Even the camp food had changed. It was better. I was quite surprised. This year was a lot better. This is how I see it. Everything has to change. I had a great time in Buck's Rock this year. It was a blast. I just wonder how next year will be.

- Jon Brooks

Though one Buck's Rock camper is most certainly quite different from the next, I feel that they can be grouped into two distinct categories. To familiarize you with these two categories, I have prepared a brief short story entitled:

A TALE OF TWO CAMPERS

"Johnny, on his way to Ceramics, is suddenly ambushed by the anti-Johnny."



The gong sounds at 7:30 and Johnny Goodstein flies out of bed right on cue. Minutes later he is showered and dressed and off to visit a phenomenon known only to a select group of campers: Early Breakfast. Johnny comes to Buck's Rock from Upper Saddle River, NJ, and he comes with a serious artistic agenda. He spends no less than eight hours a day in shops (yes, he puts in at least an hour of work during evening activity each night), and each day sees the completion of several Goodstein projects. Look! Here comes Johnny now with a set of 24 wine glasses which he created in just one glassblowing session. Johnny just happens to pass by all four directors on his way and they are all extremely impressed with his work. In fact, most people expect that Johnny is destined to become the first twelve-year-old CIT in Buck's Rock history. Here he comes again. Let's see what he has this time. It's a complete dinner set straight from our ceramic shop! Johnny can't stop to talk; he's off Federal Expressing his projects to his luxurious New Jersey abode.

Photo by Mike Kaplan

And Johnny makes the sacrifices that would make less-motivated campers shudder. Nothing annoys him more than the unfocused campers who drop everything at the sound of the snack gong. Goodstein works diligently until the dinner gong, at which time he is more than happy to latch on to a colossal line. And do you think you'll ever find Johnny lounging around on the porch? Hell no! He doesn't even know where the porch is when he's walking across it. It's just something he doesn't need. So to sum up, Johnny Goodstein is an excellent camper who strives for superiority in all aspects of camp life.

But if we can think of Johnny as the type-A camper, then there must be a type-B camper, the anti-Johnny. Gongs have no effect on the anti-Johnny, who is rarely seen out of bed prior to 8:15. Breakfast begins for the anti-Johnny at 8:57 and concludes at 8:57:45. This places the anti-Johnny just steps away from his first morning destination: the porch. He spends his day in transit between the porch, his bunk, a chair in the dining hall, and the canteen. This camper doesn't measure success in the number of projects he has completed, but in one of the following ways:

- a) the number of tapes and CD's copied, purchased, or stolen during the summer
- b) the number of song fragments learned on the guitar
- c) the number of female friends who join him on the porch
- d) the number of Cup-O'-Noodles consumed in a 24 hour period
- e) the number of times he is told to leave the porch but remains anyway.

The anti-Johnny spends just enough time in just enough shops to allow his lack of productivity to go completely undetected by most staff members. And when a house counselor finally sees the light, the anti-Johnny is ready with a fabricated list of activities that he has participated in actively throughout the summer. Following the presentation of the list, the house counselor is sufficiently impressed to actually apologize for accusing the camper of slacking off. "I'm sorry, anti-Johnny," he says, "I don't know what I was thinking. Now I've taken time out of your busy shop day. Please forgive me." The anti-Johnny then tears the cellophane off a Cup-O'-Noodles, lets out a burst of laughter, and heads for the porch.

With that slightly exaggerated story completed, the time has come for me to decide which category I fall into. To assist me in this quest, I obtained quotes from two counselors who are involved in my life and work at camp. Seth Dinnerman of the photo shop states that, "Mike is a hard working camper who put in many long hours in the photo shop this summer. A slacker he is not!" But when I tracked down Boys Cabins Up house counselor Gary Phillips he stated with passion, "If your father came up to me right now and asked me what you've done this summer I would tell him that you haven't done [profanity deleted]." Now I'm emotionally confused.

by Michael Feldman

GARBAGE CREW

Their lives revolve around the camp's trash cans. They clear up your mess, recycle your trays and generally look stunning, cool, handsome and incredibly sexy as they adorn the trusty old blue garbage truck.

They keep on smiling through wind, rain and snow; however, they prefer garbage work in the sun so they can bronze their bods....

Keep on stacking those dinner trays and show respect to the garbage crew..

They Are:

- CRAIG "It's great up North, get to work or else." The Boss (or at least he thinks he is).
MARK The "Tell it to them straight, I hate the morning!!!" blind one (with the glasses).
DANNY The "Wey Hey, quick let's move this stuff and get down to the pool for some serious body barbequing banana." -- Adonis.
RUSS The "You're 5 minutes late!!! Pick up that tray!!!" accident-prone one. Not quite sure who he is, as he is either at the Dispensary or hospital, on his day off, or on the softball field.

In Remembrance:

- PAUL "He's too sexy for his trash." Banished to the distant lands of South London England, whilst struck down by the dreaded "Mono!!! To know him was to love him (even just a tiny bit...)

Compiled by the Ghost of The Blue Garbage Truck, 1992.



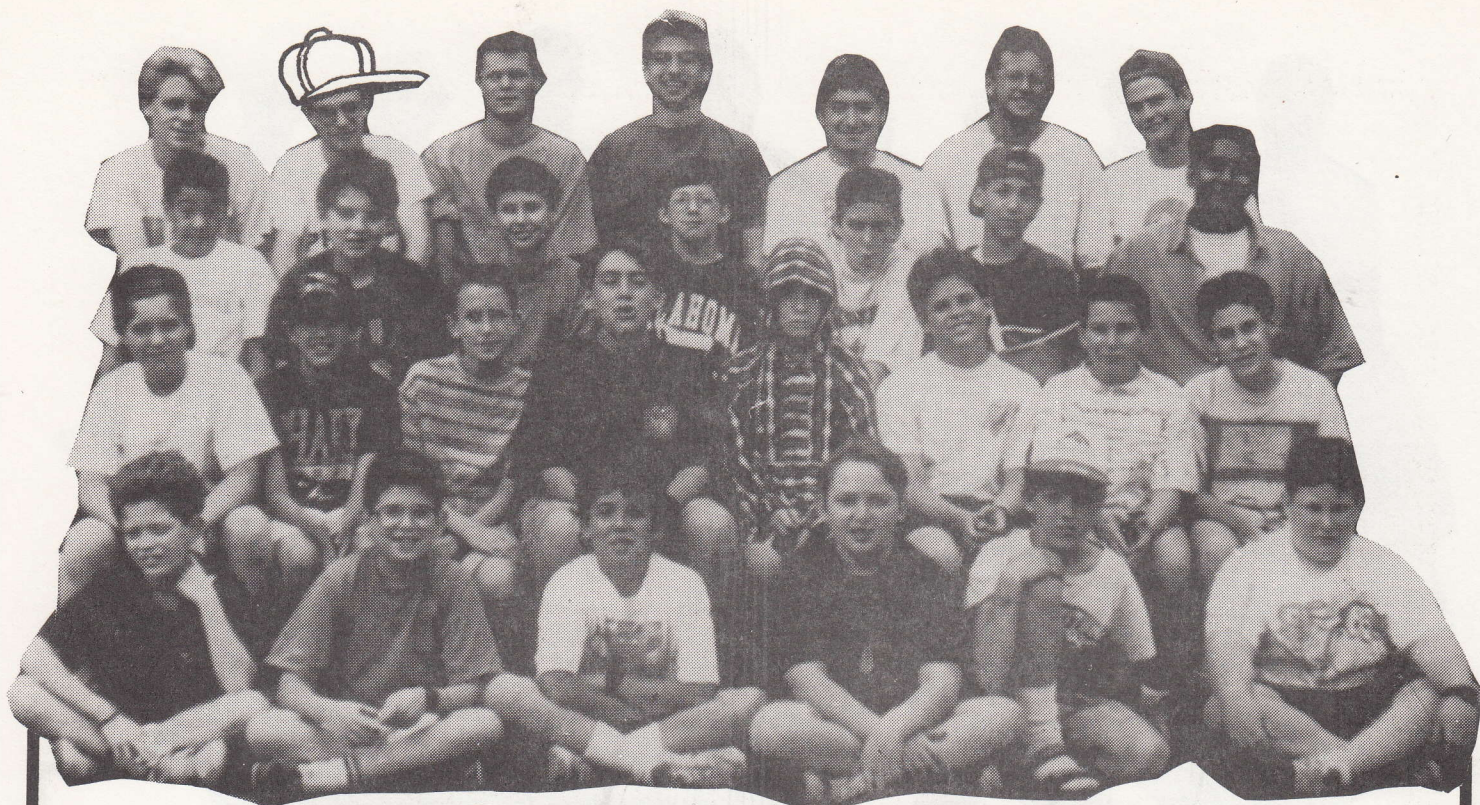
Photos by Byron

BUNK SHOTS

'92



Swimming Counselors



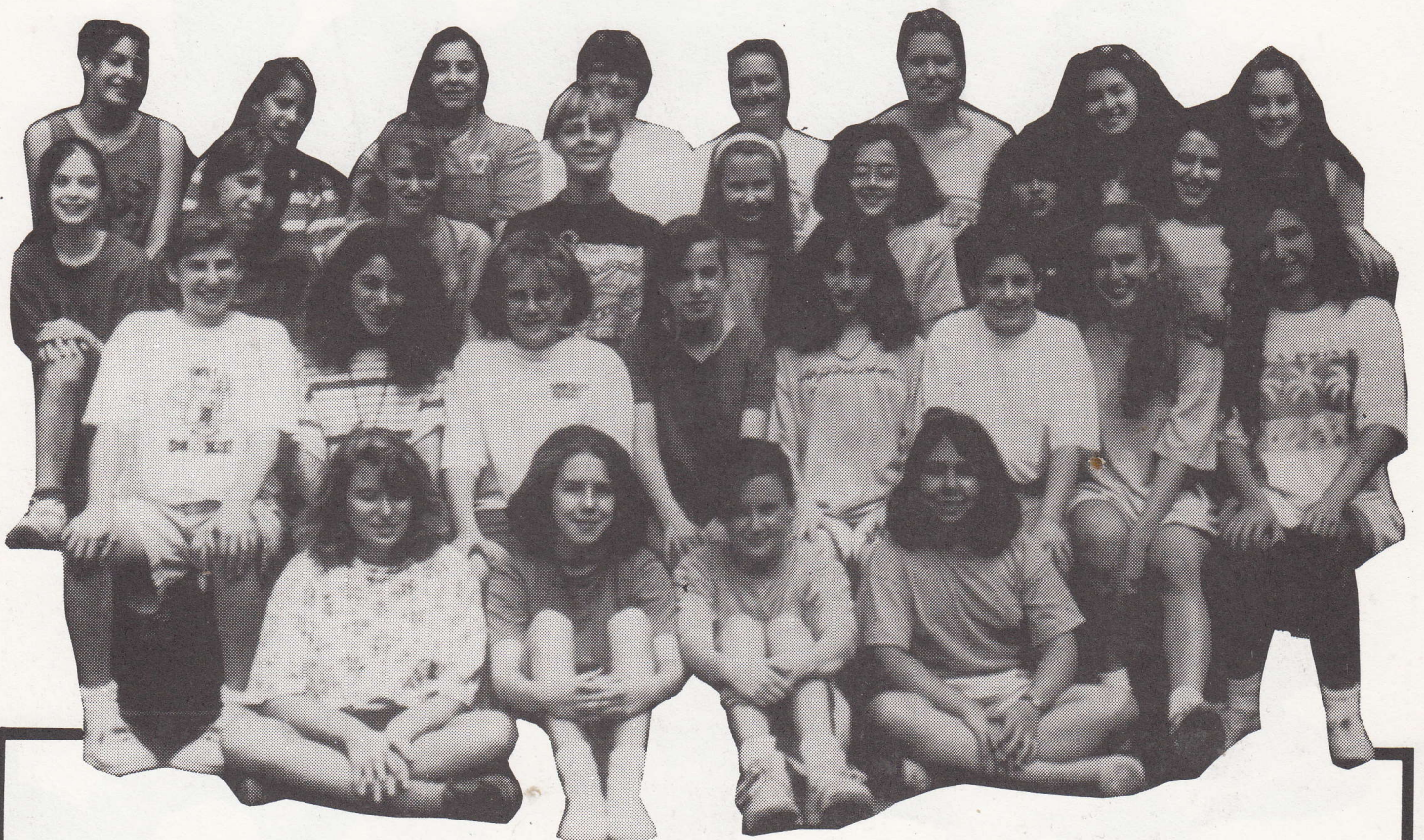
BOYS' HOUSE UPSTAIRS



GIRLS' HOUSE UPSTAIRS



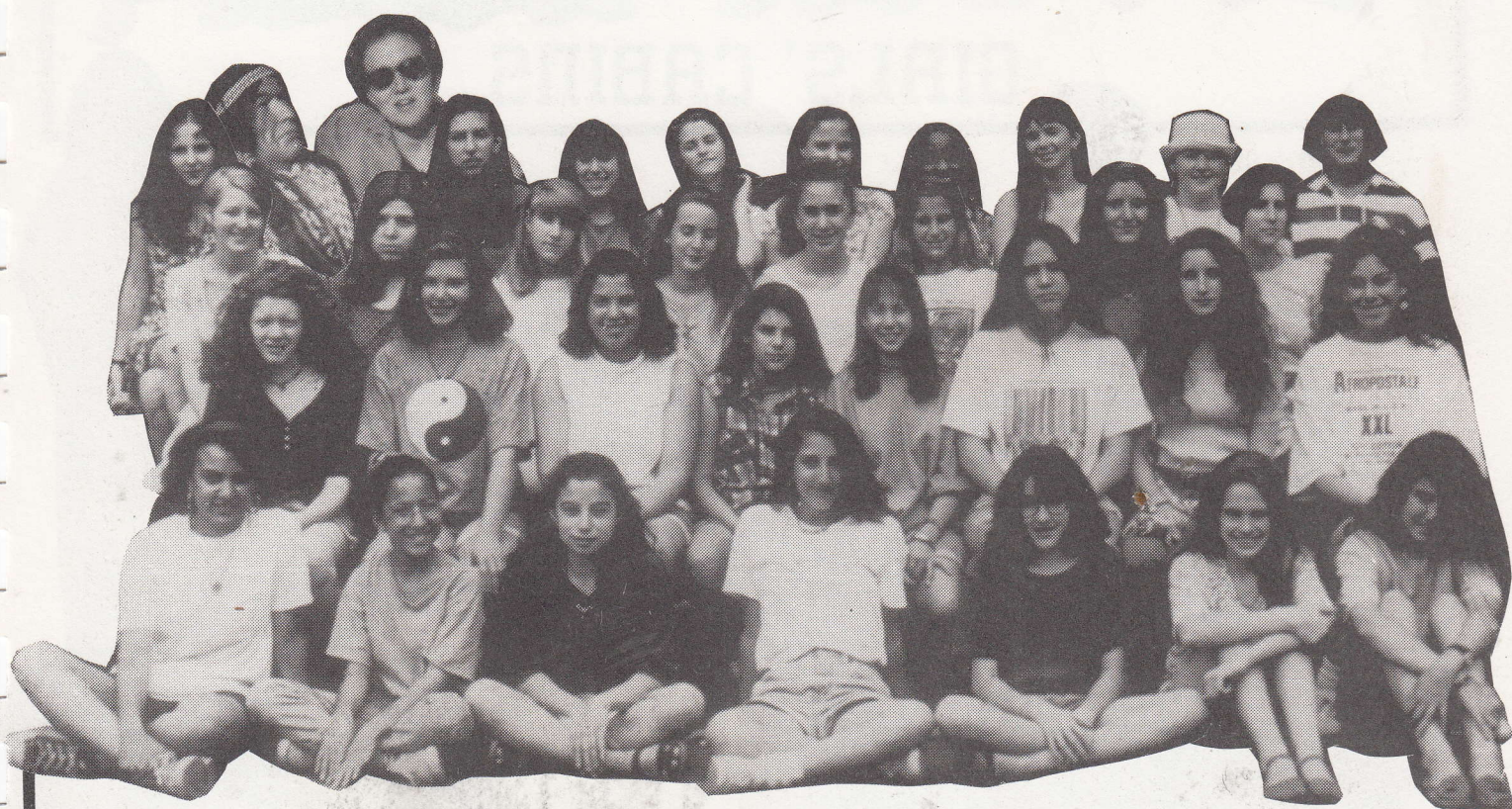
BOYS' HOUSE DOWNSTAIRS



GIRLS' HOUSE DOWNSTAIRS



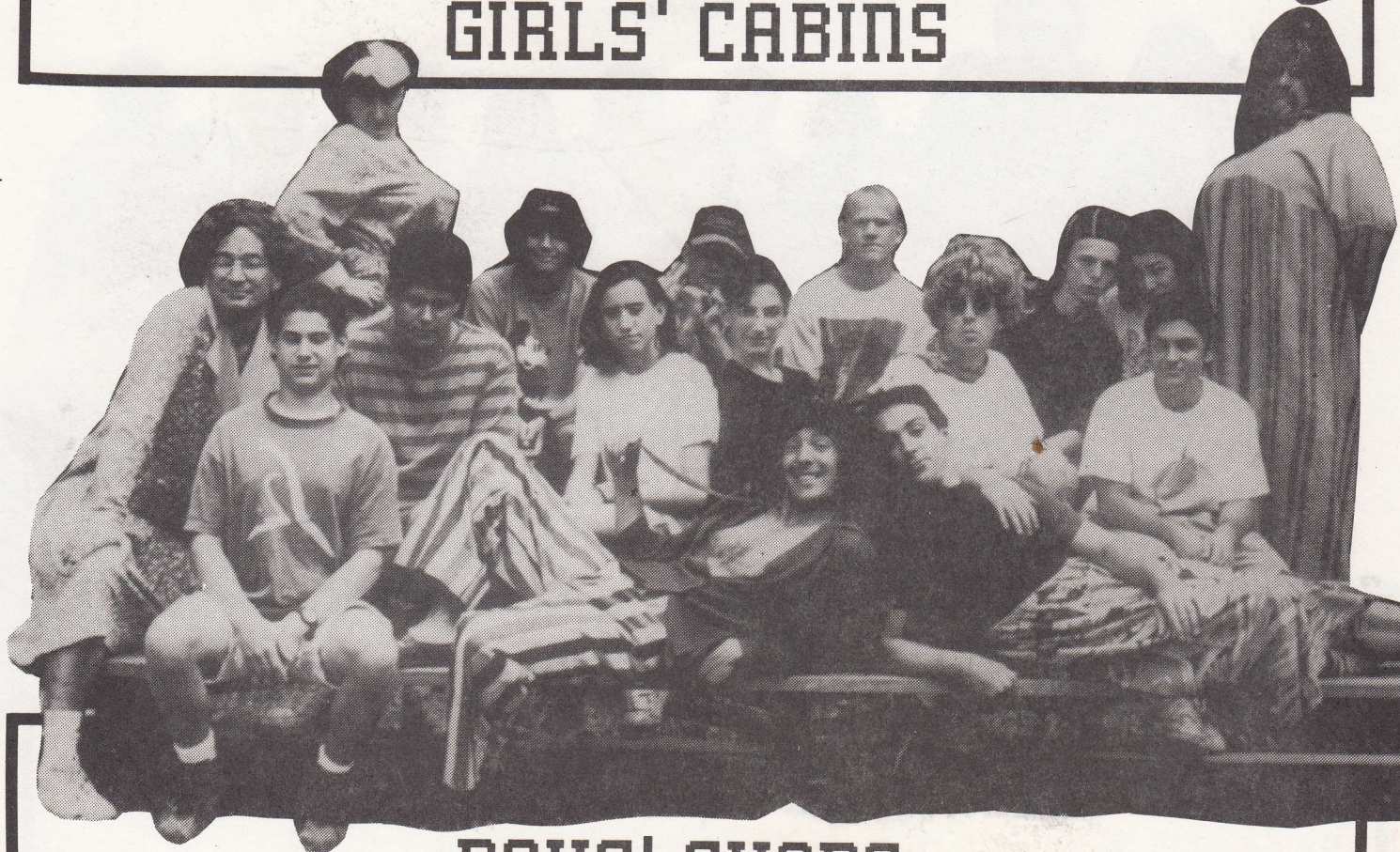
GIRLS' ANNEX I



GIRLS' ANNEX II



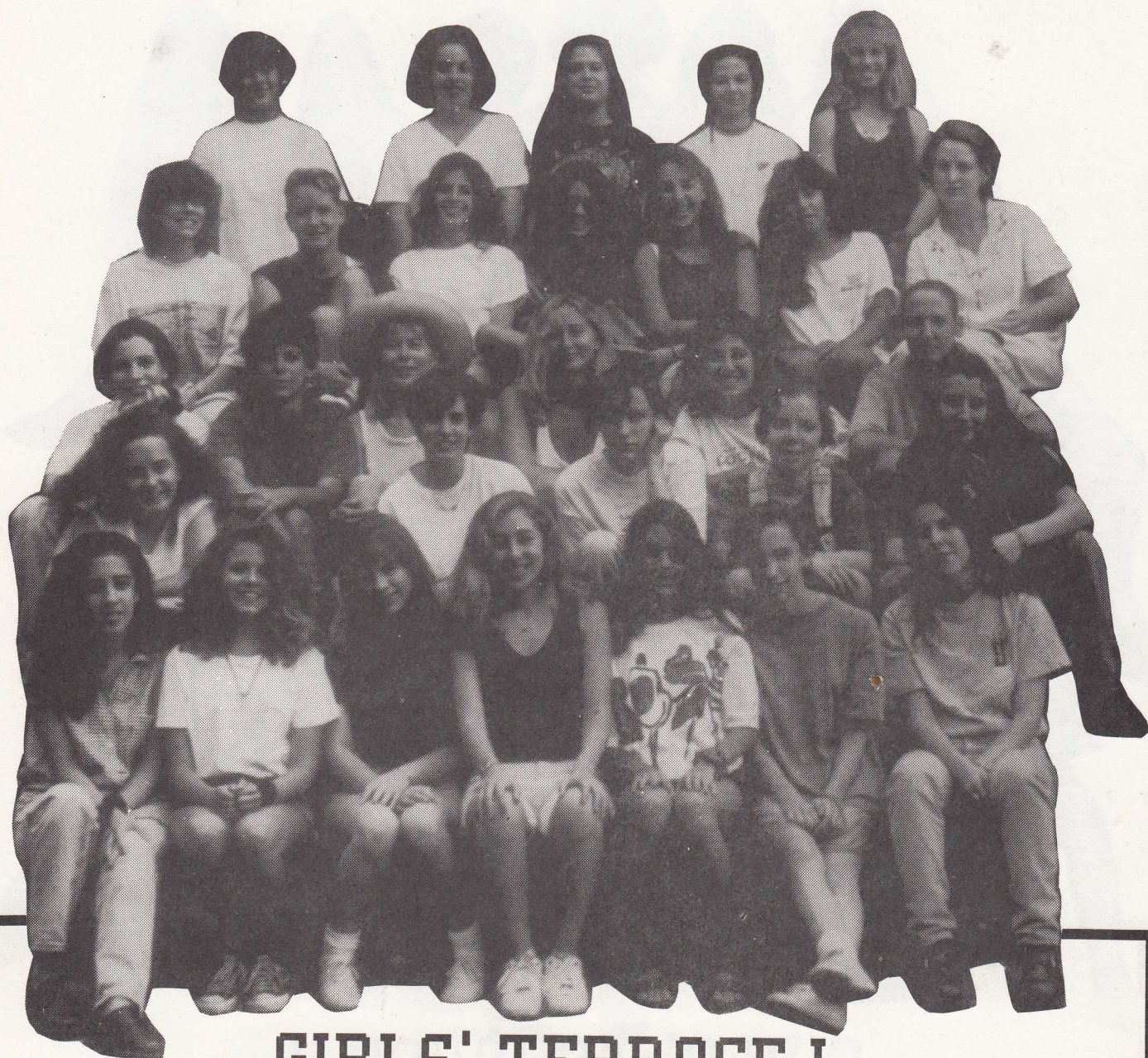
GIRLS' CABINS



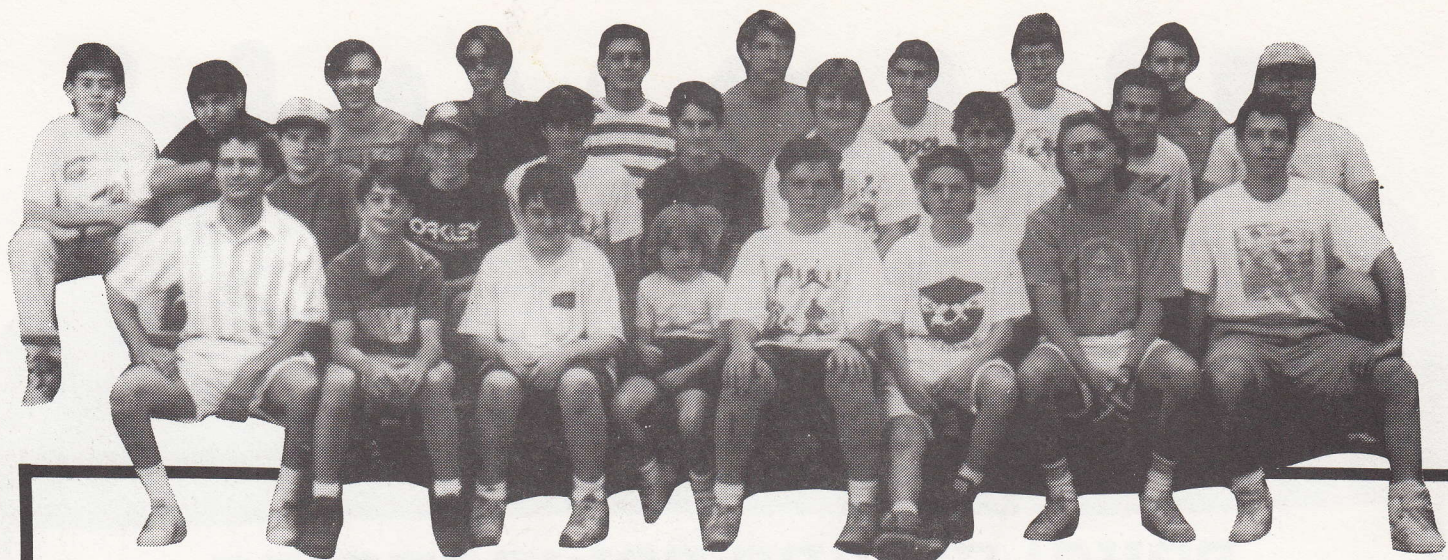
BOYS' CLUB



BOYS' CABINS DOWNSTAIRS



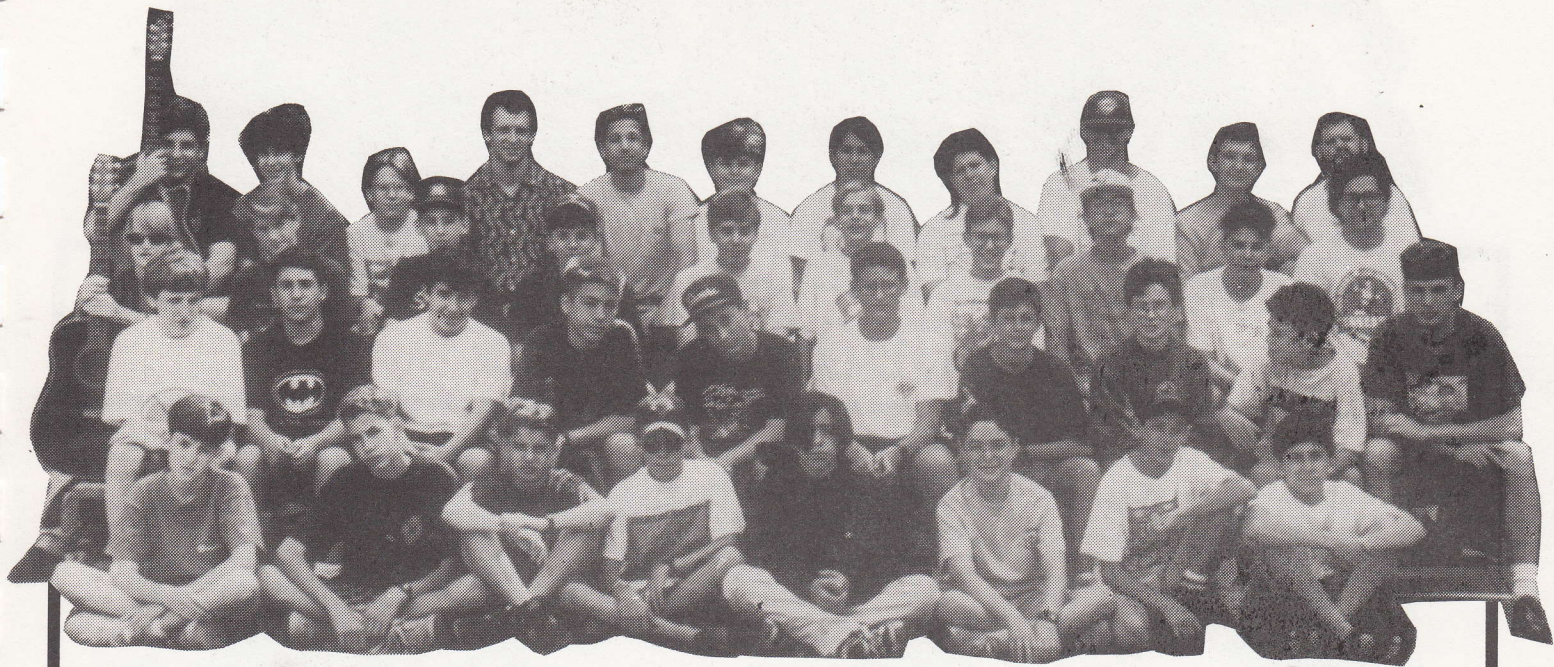
GIRLS' TENDRAGE



BOYS' CABINS UPSTAIRS



GIRLS' TERRACE II



BOYS' ANNEX



GIRLS' ANNEX CORRIDOR



AUGUST GIRLS



AUGUST BOYS



JCs



CITs



NURSES AND ERNST



**THE
AWFIS STAFF**



MAINTENANCE



THE KITCHEN CREW



**STAFF
FAMILIES**



THE DINETTES



HOUSEKEEPING

Cousin It is
alive and living
at Buck's Rock.



MISSING LINKS

Editorials

"We.... We work.... We work alone.... We work alone together."

-C.I.T. theme '75

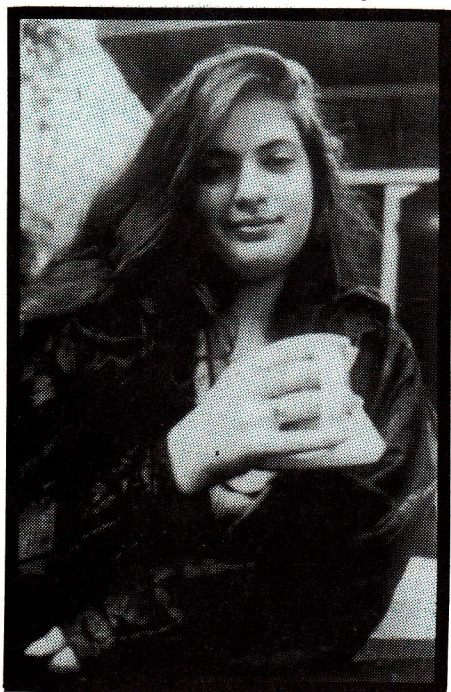
Editor-in-Chief - *Serena J. Silver*

My god, editorial time already? Yearbook is still in full swing . . . it doesn't seem right to be writing my editorial yet, we've got so much left to do. There's this nagging doubt that I have that I won't get through this next week with my sanity intact. I hope I'm wrong!

I've got so many people to thank, so many special jokes to remember on one page. It's amazing how many people can live in a closed environment and not meet up. But whether or not we've all met, this book is for all of us, a Mosaic of our friends, our memories.

To everyone who's been with me this summer, and those of you who've been here in spirit, thanks.

Karen, despite living together, for an entire 8-weeks, we stayed best friends. Amazing, isn't it? Did you find the *Asphyxiated Tree Sloth Mix* yet? **GET YOUR STUFF OFF MY BED!** **Rachel L.**, you are my sanity, my link to home and my laughter. **Gina**, are we ever going to forget Blood Brothers? Anyone got some cards? **Tuck**, if you're in glassblowing, what will theater and music do? Anyone for Hearts? Stay sweet. **Josh**, what's up? Why don't they ever



touch? Feeling writative? Loon! And don't you dare snap your fingers at me! **Jeff**, you learned all your lines! Do you ever win a card game? **Rachel K.**, want a pretzel? Can you believe all the stuff we jabbered about? **Steve Ansell**, thanks for letting me skip, come late to, leave in the middle of rehearsals - you got a program! (with an insert!) **Elizabeth (Liz)**, you made me a Pubbie for life and you organized the archives that made this yearbook possible! Thanks for everything. . . **Nicole**, keep singing, why don't you! Thanks for the cheerfulness. **Molly**, you really do give good backrubs! **Lisa**, can we talk for a minute? Want a New York bagel? **Joby, Zoe, Laura, Nora**, you put up with my moods and messes - sorry I was never really around. **Erika**, I didn't miss too many a cappella rehearsals, did I? **Dave**, Fac ut! Need I write more? **Jaki**, you obnoxious little twit! Just kidding! You're the best little sister ever. **Amanda**, thanks for fixing my hair! Sorry I tried to kill you! Love ya babe. **Rat boy (Jesse)**, you're one of the few whom I wouldn't mind having as a little

brother - don't grow up too fast. **Phallaxcae**, let's hang in the mushed and sing Pergolesi! **Lili**, ". . . got the chills and the wind's gonna blow, now . . ." **Dan**, I don't know when the next editor meeting is! **Kate**, no I swear I didn't come in and just "take" photos out of the box! **Mike and Josh**, you guys sometimes seem inseparable. Thanks for proving me wrong. **My parents**, when are you going to get a cabin up here? **Sandro**, who knew that the title of my poem, *Danseuse*, would become the wild Pubbie mating call? **Denise**, we know there's more to you than your love of hot tamales! You like M&Ms too . . . **Kathy**, anyone for a free-write? Word association! **Dana**, wish you were here! Geek patrol! **Zobyn**, that bear has an entire wardrobe! **Emily**, smile! **Paul**, thank god you finally showed up! My savior! **Randee**, we did it! Scary, all the times we said the same thing . . .

To everyone else at the Pub Shop, I leave you an endless supply of Hot Tamales, shrink wrap and twenty extra hours in the day.

Love and chocolate-chip muffins,

Serena



randee jill schneider

Thanks to:

All the CIT's for a great summer, Bonnie for all your help, Mom and Dad, Abby and Mazra, Lisa for your layout help, Rikki who kept me sane in Pub, Abby S., Rachel R., KatieS., Emma, Bari, Tamara, Kate F., Jeff S., Aviva, Kirsten, Tia, Meredith, Melinda, Eva, Ari, Josh, Ona, Megan, Kim, Carrie, both Daves, Julia, Sarah, Molly, Dana, Nick, Stacey T., Joanna, Mary Jane, and Alanna for wonderful friendships. Special thanks to the counselors in Pub who were there for me.



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A Mosaic of memories
Has been created this year,
A yearbook to look back on
The laughter and the tears.

Changes over decades
Each summer has shown,
The start of a camp
And how it has grown.
This book represents
A half century of friends,
Pages of memories
Never to end.
Just pick up Mosaic
And flip through pages galore,
To remember this summer and
Summers before.

As my first summer at Buck's Rock
faded away to the fall,
I leave my impressions
Of the camp to all.
Buck's Rock is different
from any other place,
A chance here is given
to find your own space.
Enough of the CHEEZY stuff
I'm just trying to stall,
What I really mean to say
Is good-bye to all.

Yo estoy el redactor de writing Me llamo Josh Blumberg

But what to write?

maybe I'll write my name in really big letters

maybe I'll fill the page with mushy reminiscences about the "Buck's Rock Experience"

maybe I'll cover it with dumb inside jokes

maybe I'll write a poem to impress my friends and family

maybe I'll draw an abstract picture which represents the culture clash of contemporary Hasidic Jews

maybe I'll send out "Peace" to some friends and leave out the names of others so I can feel really cool and they can feel excluded from my awesomeness

maybe I'll thank a whole list of unrelated persons and objects, ranging from the Muppets to Tip O'Neill to Nissin Foods to Frank Sinatra

maybe I'll make an artsy "concept photo" of myself crucified on the gong

maybe I'll share my thoughts about the rise of the New Age movement

maybe I'll discuss the family planning problems of modern-day India

maybe I'll tell the world about my views on the Hoboken school system

maybe I'll let a paragraph on telescope technology lead into a discussion of the U.F.O. plague that is terrorizing the farmlands outside of Boise, Idaho

maybe I'll discuss the effects of Westernization on the children of rural Botswana

maybe I'll go on and on about the international network of communist revolutionaries who are affiliated with Sendero Luminoso in the Peruvian Civil War

maybe I'll introduce my theories on the communication of wild dolphins

maybe a discussion on the contrasts and parallels which can be drawn between the Mahayana and

Theravada branches of Buddhism would be appropriate at this time

maybe I'll write in a code that only a powerful elite can decipher

maybe I'll tell yearbook readers that hippopotami are my favorite animals

maybe I'll write an analytical essay on the origins of yearbook editorials

maybe I'll announce my love for Greek olives and Claussen pickle spears

but would all that really be necessary?

perhaps the only thing to do is offer my sincere thanks to ALL of the campers and staff who made my 4th summer at Buck's Rock an incredible learning experience

my thanks also go out to the camp's creator, Dr. Ernst Bulova-- a man of great intelligence and integrity
i wish the 1992 Buck's Rock community a good winter and a good life----



Josh Blumberg

"I will continue to be an impossible person so long as those who are now possible remain possible," Mikhail Alexandrovich Bakunin, 1814-76.

MIKE FELDMAN *Editorial*

I sit in front of one of these accursed Pub shop computers. A rather annoying voice from the radio informs me that "KLF is gonna rock" me. As the song ends, and I am still not rocked, a wave of disappointment overwhelms me, and I realize that I have an editorial to write.

But what could I possibly say that hasn't already been said, I mean -- AAAAAAAAAAH! Someone just turned on Marky Mark and the Funky Bunch's "Good Vibrations." For Christ's sake turn that ---- off! Thank you. Now where was I? Oh yeah, I was thinking of what to -- AAAAAAAAAAH! I can't even get through a sentence without bad music cutting into my work. R.E.M.'s "Radio Song" has just begun and this time I fear that it will play through until the end. This proves my theory that there is no God.

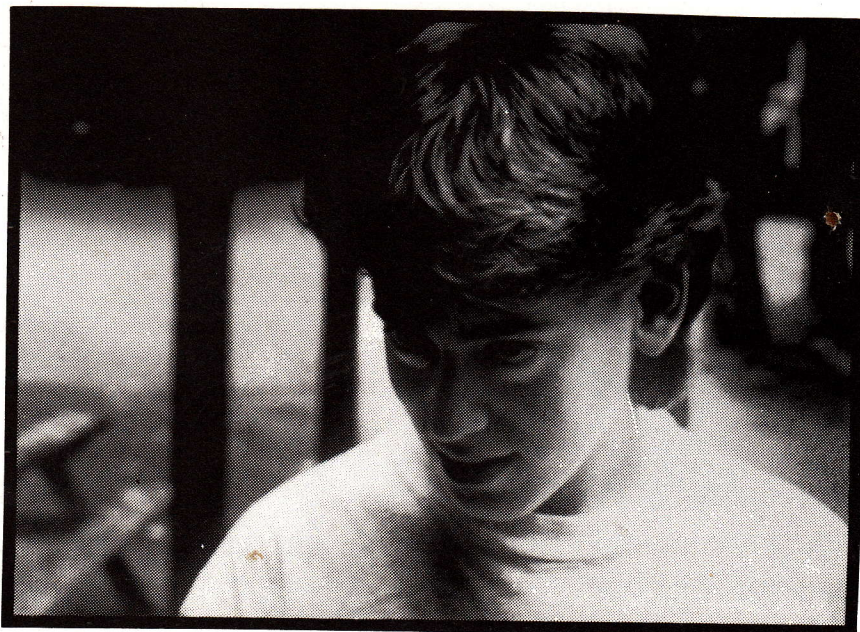
There are so many people that I could thank for reasons that only .05% of the camp would truly understand, so why bother? Besides, I can hardly think as "Losing my Religion" begins to fill the air around me, sucking away what's left of my sanity.

But I guess I should thank a few people who -- AAAAAAAAAAH! Yes, "Shiny, Happy People" is on now and frankly I'm really starting to lose it fast. What do you think is sadder: The fact that this album was made in the first place or the fact that millions of people paid millions of dollars to have a copy of their own?

Josh is viciously attacking a Macintosh computer to my left, while a printing press puts out a few thousand copies of Glassblowing's product shots to my right. Some kid is working on a science fiction story, and he's trying to convince me that the events which take place in his story could happen at any time in real life. I laugh at him and continue to write.

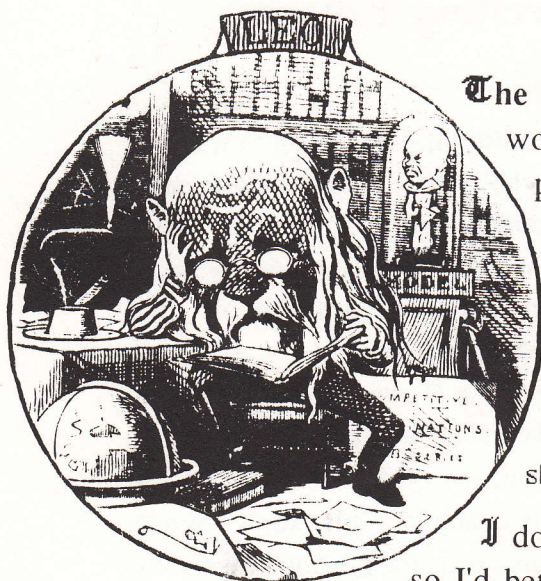
Thanks to the Photo Shop, and anyone I worked with in the Music Shed. Also thanks to the Pub Shop. Before changeover I hardly knew Pub existed. Now that I know it well, the trick is to forget. I thank the Boys Cabins Up House Counselors, Gary Phillips and Tony Wansor, for teaching me how to survive on the streets. I'm sure you've saved me many trips to the hospital. A special thanks is going out to the Cup-O'-Noodles posse--Garden Veg, Spicy C, Flavor Chicken, and MC Shrimp. And to everyone I knew this summer, thanks for coming to camp. It wouldn't have been anything without you.

Photo by Leo A. Ferguson



Michael Feldman

Brandon Goldstein - Writing Editor



The last place that I would ever look for my name in a yearbook would definitely have to be the editorial section. I applied for a position as an editor, and I thought that I would never make it, but I did. I guess that somewhere **DEEP DOWN** inside, I've got that ounce of patience, a smidgen of creativity, and maybe even an it'sy bit of writing editor.

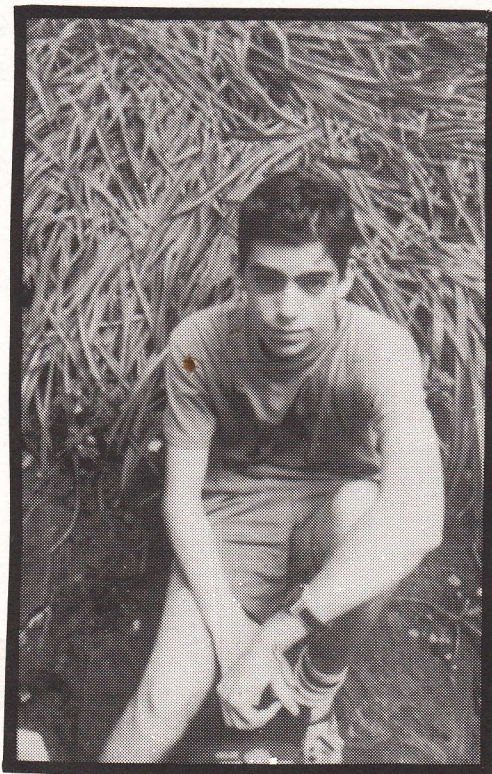
One can not survive in Pub without the moral support editors. They are the love, peace and happiness of the Pub shop. They are the bare necessities for survival in Pub.

I don't really think that this editorial is going to get much longer, so I'd better thank all of those people who helped me not to have a "knip-tion fit," a nervous breakdown, a nuclear explosion, or any other temporarily harmful life related syndromes. So therefore I would like to thank **Ya Bob** for all of that wonderful experience with the presses (the frustration was great), *myself* for me, my co-writing editors for all of their help, **Arie** for being the most mellow writing editor, the **MSEs**, **Rikki** for helping me not to look over her shoulder, **Rathy** for guidance, **Sandro** for coordinating the Pub Garden construction, **Zobyn** for being herself, **Denise** for being cool about everything, Lisa's stereo for making Pub easier to work in, **Serena** and **Randee** for being the editors- in- chief, **Romi** for being my temporary mommy and teaching me to Tango, **Susan** my mom in Pub and art advisor, **Molly** and **Nicole** for keeping me in one piece and making me happy, **Emily** for asking me for occasional backrubs and making me smile, **Jennifer Ballin** for being alive, **Naomi**, Bus #1 on the Boston trip, Kim and Melinda for Lacrosse, **Laura Kornstein**, Erica Babad for astronomy lessons, **Alexa** for being my niece and teaching me how to fold cranes (although I can't remember), "Queen" Kate (the C.I.T.) from sewing, **Devin** for "The Jabool Jamboree," **Louiza** for the nunchuck lessons, **Sandra** for coming back to camp, **Brian** for being a funny Englishman, **Lara** for everything, *my parents* for putting me here, **The Pub** for accepting me as a C.I.T. and myself in general, **The Pub** for accepting, **The Pub** for being my friends, and **The Pub**.

Brandon

"If a man hasn't discovered something that he will die for, he isn't fit to live."

Marin Luther King, Jr.
Speech in Detroit [June 23, 1963]



Arie Rubenstein - Assistant Writing Editor

No, Brandon, I am not going to be modest in my editorial. I am going to write how I really feel about this yearbook and camp life as a whole. Then, I am going to spend about a paragraph thanking people. Got a problem with that? Good.

This yearbook is really cool (but you already know that. You just read most of it). Thinking about how much work went into it, I'm not surprised. Deadlines were met, and this is getting really boring, so I think I'll go to the next paragraph now.

Buck's Rock has changed a lot over the past fifty years. However, I wasn't there for most of them, so I can only write about the past two years. Camp hasn't changed much since I first came here. I'm a little better at ping pong.

People have come and gone, but nothing has really changed. I miss some friends from last year, but new guys take their places quickly. I also miss the guys who were only here for four weeks, but they'll be back, 'eh?

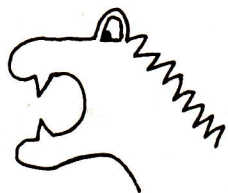
It's Thank You time: I owe thanks to a few special people who have made my life easier, but their names escape me at the moment. So instead, I would like to thank the following people: Bob Gabe for giving me some exercise, the Pub Shop(pe), the Clown Shop, **BRIAN**, **Jon** from Woodshop, *Dug (Doug?)*, *Mike* (counselor from Boys' House) for making my first day here easier, my counselors **Luke** and **Jason** for trying to get me up in the morning (not like it worked), *Zobyn*, the M&E's for the hot tamales, Moo, **Dave Hanson**, **Mike Kaplan** for the food, **Jon Friedman**, **Sandro Weiss**, and the *Woodshop*. I would also like to thank my parents, for all the times when I forgot to thank them in the past.

We have now reached the end of my editorial. Thank you for flying, and I hope I'll see you all again. Please do not unfasten your seat belts until we reach the gate, and the fasten seat belt lights go off. Thank you.

-Arie M. Rubenstein
Arie M. Rubenstein

P.S. Hi Austin.

P.P.S. Dave, trust me on this one. You're not pathetic.



The
MAD
HOLE

Art and Layout Editor *Emily Ryan Lerner*

I'm sitting in the pub garden trying to hear myself think over the din of the presses. The otherwise monotonous, annoying beat that once drove me crazy, is now beginning to relax me. It's amazing how a place can grow on you so quickly. Even the unorganized art and layout area of pub which used to make me insane with anxiety now just seems...cozy. In the past three weeks we've all shared a lot, hot tamales, shepepl, overlays, backrubs, collation, tying people to trees, the feelings of helplessness, and togetherness. All it took was a little insanity. In all of the correcting, cutting, and pasting who would have thought we could create this...

Use it as you may, as a piece of the Buck's Rock "experience," as a tool to remember things with, or as a piece of your life, but never forget the summer of '92.

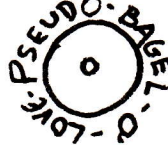
♡ - Emily



p.s.- It seems like just yesterday Leo was tied to the tree.

Photo by Dan Fortune

Special thanks go to →



♀ WHERE'S THE HERRING?

My parents for their love and approval, Everyone at Pub, My co-editors Nick(y) and Matt for putting up with my bad spelling, Molly for always giving me something to smile about, Leila for sharing her life with me and listening to mine, Natalie Smith for keeping in touch, Emily Epstein and her family for caring, Sarah Leiwant for knowing me since birth, Meghan for the laughing that won't lose the humor even if we lose touch, Ishmeal, palindromes, David Jones, Marie, Kris, Maggie for the Jelly Beans, Chloe for the stories, Katya, Hannah, Fatty E., Annie, Julia, Megan, Dawn, Abby, Susanna, Sugar Hill Gang, Carol O' Donnel, MCS, Rose, Kermit, Treat, the grandmas, They Might Be Giants, Caitlan, Anna, Jen, and Tara, Denise, Steve, Danny, Sam, David Fishkin, Malina, Dr. Seuss, Bessy-poo, Lori, spinning vortexes everywhere, Aaron (whipped cream) Klein, Michelle Werner, Amos (Charles) Kennigsberg, Ben Sommers, rhetoric, Iggy for irrelevant advice, Jen for the hugs, Mike, The Adams Four, Alan, Justin, Jef, Jake, Jai, Todd, the costume shop, video, Ben, Jerry, Buck's Rock, Nate, Phil for being cheeky, Rachel, all my husbands, Tara, Taragh, Robyn, Elliot, everyone I might have forgotten, and the Raggedy Ann doll I accidentally left on the M104. ☺



And now a message from one of the ART & LAYOUT editors

I don't like the title of the yearbook. Mosaic. That just doesn't say anything to me. It is so pretentious and cliché. A thousand other yearbooks in the past could have used the very same title. I wanted to call it Overtime but never mind that. I will not use my editorial to complain.

It was a wonderful experience for me to work on the yearbook this summer. I had a lot of fun, though it did get a little frustrating at times ("Who did this page, it's totally wrong?"). I learned many new skills by being an editor, such as how to lay out a page and make a decent color overlay. I also got a chance to improve my drawing. Most importantly, I found out what the heck a PMT is (photo mechanical transfer). I am very proud of my work in Mosaic and I hope you enjoy it. That's about all I have to say, but before I go I'd like to thank a few people: My parents, grandparents, the PUB shop, my co-editors Emily and Matt, Molly, my roommates (Justin, Oliver --sorry I hit you--, Scott, Eric, and Dan), all my other friends, the Leather Lady (Claire), my house counselor Tony Wansor, and anyone whom I forgot to thank.

Nick Cammer Malis

Painting isn't an aesthetic operation; it's a form of magic designed as a mediator between this strange hostile world and us, a way of seizing the power by giving form to our terrors as well as our desires.

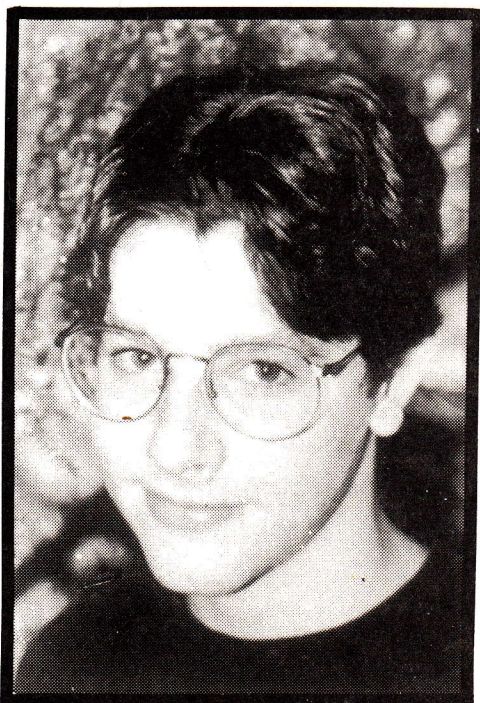
-Pablo Picasso

The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science.

-Albert Einstein

"Shut up," he explained.

-Ring Lardner



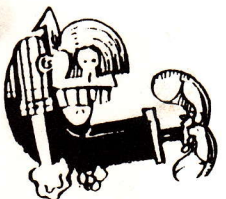
*PS Flashback from last summer to the ol' house:
I AM EXACTLY WHERE WE ARE!!!!*

ART & LAYOUT

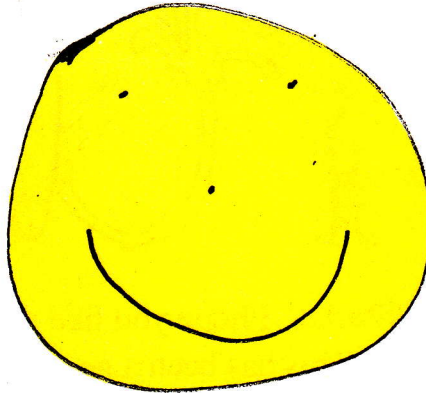


Well, O.K. here's my editorial. I hope you like all the nifty illustrations that I've found and assembled. This has been a good year, and I just want to say Goodbye.

-Matt Velick



Hi!



The photo shop was fun this year. Good, benevolent king Seth Dinnerman and Darin' Dean Randazzo ought to be acknowledged as the best photo counselors we ever had this summer. Seriously, though, you two are great. And Gabe Eber and Amanda Saslow, JCs, should be recognized. So here it is: Gabe and Amanda, we recognize you. There. Zack Brown, Kate Fried, Alanna Yudin, if you hadn't also been photo CITs, I never would have been able to work with you. But I did. And I'm glad.

Have a nice winter and enjoy the yearbook.

Daniel Wolfish

P.S. Thanks to Mike Hingley and Art & Layout.

Production Editor Lisa Sklar



A summer to discover. They really do call it that, I suppose. It's a joke now among campers and staff: A summer to discover, a winter to recover. A joke, but it's true. We can laugh as the directors talk about the people, and the work, and the changes, and the way time moves — how different it is here. We can laugh, but we all know it's true, which only makes it harder to talk about.

A summer to discover. I don't think it means just an art, or a talent. I know, for me, it means the people. The kind of people you find here can be found at home, it just takes an amazing amount of searching. I don't know what it is. I don't know why the people here at Buck's Rock are so special, why a friendship forged here can last as lifetime. In the month and a half I've already been here I've made incredibly good friendships. I've grown close to so many people, and I can't even begin to say how or what made it possible. We were strangers, and now we're not. We've all made great friends and had great times. Many of us have found great loves.

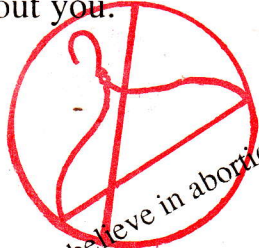
There's no easy way to explain it. All I know is the feeling of being here, the Buck's Rock emotion, is the only thing which hasn't changed about the Buck's Rock experience in the last 50 years. And for the campers who will come ahead of us, I hope it never does.

Hey — I'll see you all in right field.

Lisa D. Sklar

P.S. — Special thanks to K. H. for showing me the way, and allowing me to seek the truth. It's not the same without you.



 If you don't believe in abortion, don't have one.

Fight AIDS, not people with AIDS

"Whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it ..."

— The Declaration of Independence.

This country was founded on the freedom of Choice.

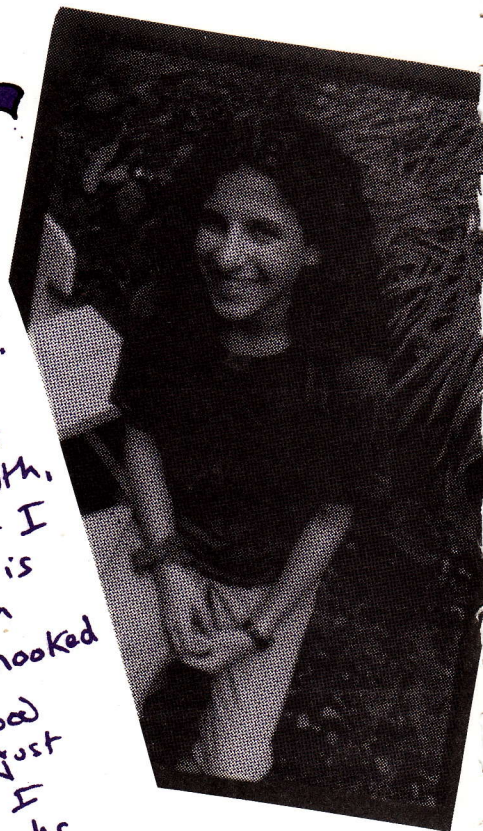
production Editor

Since I never save anything for the last minute, and since I just love writing editorials, this should be wonderful. Actually, in my four years at this heaven among trees I never expected to be in this position. To start things off, I am not Josh Berson's sister. He happens to be my brother, but that has nothing to do with why I'm here. To tell the truth, Ian and Stere (or should I say 'Stere & Ian' - I wouldn't want to have them fighting over who is first) pulled me into the always-crowded shop with their indescribable personalities, and I've been hooked ever since.

As I sit here writing this to the roar of good music, the magical hum of the presses, and after just having stuck my elbow in a wet puddle of ink, I feel right at home. I've had many great laughs, rubbed elbows with the infamous "ya Bob", and eaten Hot Tamales with the best of them. In other words, I've had some incredible times here.

I'd like to end with one big corny thank you to anyone who has made my experience as production editor and as a Buck's Rocker one to cherish. That includes anyone who knows me, or anyone who might have just smiled back at me as we passed on the road. By the way, am I a printer now? I know, I'll keep dreaming.

Jen = Charlie
Berson



Molly Bloom-Moral Support Editor

I've just spent an hour trying to write this one paragraph. You wouldn't believe how hard it is, trying to sum up a whole summer of memories onto a page. You can list some of your memories, but you definitely can't fit them all in, let alone remember everything. It's impossible. There's just something about Buck's Rock which can't be expressed in words. I guess that what I really have to say is thank you to Buck's Rock for the best times of my life.

Enormous amounts of thanks go out to:

Mommy, Daddy, and Mikensue- for having me in the first place, for their unsurpassed and undying love, and for sending me here year after year, *Emily Ryan No Hyphen Lerner*- for being one of the bestest friends a person could have, **Julia Margaret Grace Turkey Moffitt**- my oldest and dearest friend, *Chock o'ccino*, Jim Henson, *Richard & Mike & Sherri* for being so cool and for putting up with my "I'll come back!" line every day, **The LSD crowd** for not calling me a T.I.T. and for helping me out of my "still in set" phase, even if they didn't know it, *Everybody at PUB* for the moral support I was supposed to give, and, of course, the Hot Tamales (inc. Brandon for HIS Hot Tamale). **Rachel "the Animal" Liebster**- "Your butt fills up the whole room!" Thanks for being a fellow TMBG lover, and for hocking lugies at 3 A.M. Bess- my roommate with that darn dead bug on her wall- I'll never stop stealing Rolly- Never! *Mitch* for food, Justin Finkle- for that pitcher of water down my back, **Nicole**- my co- it's been fabulous, dollink! Uncle Bear (Barry Tropp), Bathrobes, NICKYYY, Phil- for being cheeky, Laura and her superthumbs, IGGY..., "**Recreation**", LEILA! The Walcrustaceans, **Adam (#1)** Segal- what can I say to a MAN? (and a very good pillow, might I add...) **Adam (#2)** Berson- my First son- how DID that rock taste, anyway? John Levy- for being the cutest thing on earth, **Claire Neretin**- for being special, *Daniel Powell*- just for BEING. Monty Python, *Daniel & Russell & Craig & Mark* (with the glasses), Spam, Atomic Fireballs, Tootsie Pops, Karen "soup of the day" Wilson, All the people on my canteen line (esp. Caitlin Moon, Anna Novick, Ariana Moses, & Diana Metrick), the Yankees, **PLAID!** Jai & Todd, **Larry's bed**, *Alan- Although you don't say much, something about you says a lot.* Darren for being 6 years older, **Chris D.** for coffee yogurt and gigantic hugs, *Matt Velick!* Suzi & Susan & everyone affiliated with Girl's Cabins- thanks for making my life loud and happy. Alfred the Evil Saw from Hell, **Carolyn** and her awesome mail, Josh Levin, Ted- my parents really do love you. The 66+ soda cans on our wall, Return to the Forbidden Planet, Guys & Dolls, The old red summer theatre truck, *Shannon & Cara & Hazumi*- you survived a month with me!! *Kate Martin* (my pseudo-mom), *Staci* (my pseudo- sister), Ha Nuke No Samurai, **Jonathan**- we MUST do puffballs again, dear! The leak over my bed, Aaron "Whipped cream, put it all over your body!" **Klein, Ben & Amos**, Jeff, Ray, Paul, Bob, Rick, and the manly men in video (inc. *Andy Lampert* and his rolling orbs), **David Ludwig** (Hug Magnet), ONYX, Freddi and the Drumsticks, The David Fishkin Song, My JL's (all four of them, so far...), Everyone who passes by Girl's Cabins and stops to talk, Aristotle, *Steve Ansell & Alex Hamilton & Steve Newman & Jason Rohlf* SIGH! The colors green and blue, **Bom Doo- it**, that pair of tighty whities that mysteriously appeared in Shannon's laundry last month, and to all the people who I couldn't fit in (sorry)-

Thanks for **everything** in the world.

~Molly



Nicole Diamond - Moral Support Editor

Another year is over, we all cry, exclaim how much we love each other, and how we never want to leave, and then we do. When we're home, surrounded by memories, and with our yearbooks in our laps, what do we remember? We remember that first day, and the excitement. We remember that one evening program where we made complete fools of ourselves and had more fun than anyone. We remember the feeling of pride as we bowed after dance night or a play, and the smiles of our friends. Hopefully, our yearbook will capture these moments and more, bringing all our memories together in a "mosaic" of reminders.

Buck's Rock is an amazing place. Those who come here are the most special people of all. At what other place can you hum a tune from Anything Goes, and not only will people not look strangely at you, they'll join in? Where else can you state your dreams and aspirations without fear of rejection? At what other place can you carry out an entire discussion on CENSORED references? Nowhere else.

As Moral Support Editor, I tried to bring a smile to the Pub shop, a laugh to the other editors, imitation hot tamales (jellybeans) to **Sandro** and **Denise**, and patience to everyone. Although I wasn't able to be at Pub nearly as much as I would have liked, I hope I succeeded. To **Lady Serena**, I give Midnight Inspiration, infinite courage, and the ability to be in 3 places at once. To **Molly**, my CO, I give an extra smile and a big floppy hat. To **Iggy**, my assistant and giver of irrelevant advice, I give the following words of wisdom: Always look both ways before crossing. To **Zobyn**, I give an excellent last line, and inspiration galore. Thank you, my dear, for all your advice! To **Emily**, I give a huge "I am NOT a Pubbie" sign. And to **Randee**, **Lisa**, and the rest of the Pubbies, I give my love to each and every one of you and KEEP SMILING!

Another thing that makes this camp so unique is the friends one makes: **Rachel**, my ever-lovin' gambling date, my twin, Ella, Relatively Crude, 1/4 of the D.G.P., thank you for being you and making my life bearable. **Deborah** (uh, I mean Samantha, or, no, Rebecca, or, wait, what was it again?), I hope your love is as fishy as it can get, I will finish the play, really (and decide if I'm Samantha or Kate), and remember, the Oasis just wasn't the same without you, Snowball, and Fred. **Jacqueline** (Jackie), Yucky, 1/4 of the D.G.P., someday you'll be cast as a prude, and someday your prince will come, and he'll realize how blind he's been. Until then, avoid the color red and spend as much time in photo as possible, and I promise curls and curls. By the way, I'm The Carctaker. **Jenny**, there'll always be some scinnamon waiting for you in Chicago (NOT). Someday you'll learn how to knock. Never stop being you. **Salmon**, **Samn**, **Spam**, **Sam** (I'll never get it right!), my sweetie, you're a clown, but I love you anyway! I believe in you, and you know what they say when Just One Person believes in you! **Iggie**, Icky, Stage Manager, 1/4 of the D.G.P., you've kept me happy and insane for four weeks, and I'm eternally grateful. Little Miss Morality loves you, babe. Want some black licorice? Eehhe, eehhe! **Ben**, **Jody**, **Ali**, and **Gabe**, thank you so much for letting me wear a red nose this year. I'll always remember "The Blender That Ate My Mother". And someday I will learn to juggle! I love you guys, no "strings" attached. **Ariane**, you owe me about a million back massages, but I'll let you get away with it if you teach me the language of bells. I hope everything always works out for you, hon. **Andrew**, through it all, you've managed to get by without hating me, although at a couple of rehearsals I wasn't quite sure! Thanks. Love that mug! **Leila**, the makeup; it's YOU, babe! Keep on unicycling, or else. **Zoe**, you're gross. To **Holly**, **Izzy**, **Gina**, **Amanda**, **Mike C.**, **Mike A.**, **Rachel R.**, **Paula**, **Erica**, **Dave**, **Syph**, **Laura K.**, **Steve A.**, all of Terrace, and anyone whom I couldn't fit, I couldn't have stayed sane these four weeks without you all.

Mom and Dad, thank you, Thank You, THANK YOU for everything, but most of all, for sending me here. I love you dearly.

And to **Buck's Rock**, I love you with all my heart. Thanks for giving me a place "to discover." I will never forget my two summers here.

Keep Smiling,
Nicole



ZACK'S EDITOR PAGE

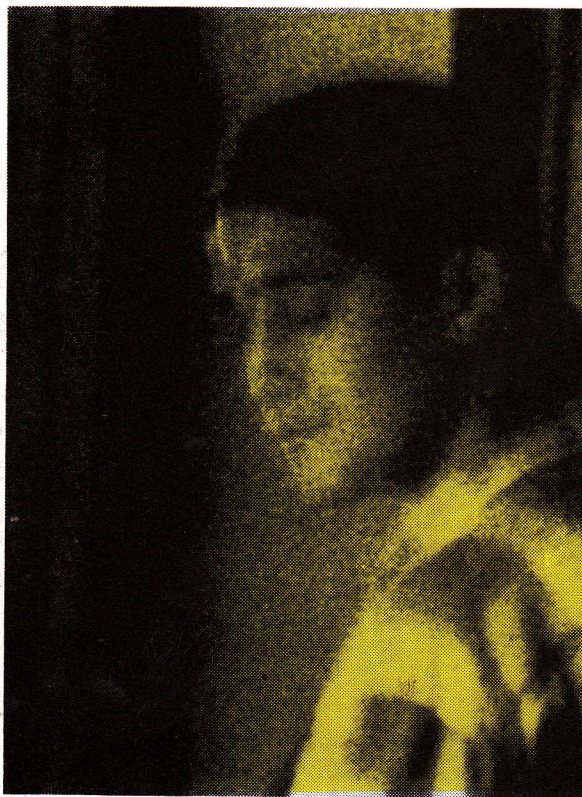
It was nice being a photo editor.

Thanks to:

Seth, Dean, Amanda, Gabe, Danny, Alanna, Katie.

Salutations:

joshseeligromancroatiancrewrichbuddkarynkozakbozakmajorgeneralmustaphamenschart
erallianceericcheeseandcrackersrothjeremyellhavgetzjennballinpastafazoolordjamargodall
ahadrockmcamikedqtipfifedogalishahidmuhammeddanielandmalinaashfordandsimpsonde
vintheinhabitantofcalcuttastacilichtermannahmadrashadlovelylisasklardieselsimonandnote
venmypinkymarcbyodaabegoldfarbjeffreypauldavemolestorbivnothabivhouseofpainmatt
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nativetonguefamilyraoulrajevjoshillbreakyourwomantookiznerherbivorejohnthegnomep
aultuchmannfatbootyjoshpalermoilutziqueenheleneeatingjasonrothenbergdisordermrslieb
manphilippalmastevencaggianoartemusnotartemisbecause that is a girl's name mr kelly mary ja
netheguidojasonluckycharmsneilandaliceandrewgehasoupisgoodfoodryanbarshopstefanb
ondellaaronbradleyadamrothenbergbooyanickwaldomeredithmyfriendinfloridakrantzmen
achembeginchaimpotok.



Love,
Zachary James Brown

Alanna Yudin

Foto Editorial

TAZMANIAN
SHE-DEVIL...
ROWL!!



photo editor (fo' to ed' it ɒr) : n. A CIT who looks through the box o' photos and determines which ones are to be approved for yearbook publication. It is painfully easy.

Aside from the fact that I attended two meetings and slept through both of them, I'd say I was a pretty damn good editor. Thanx to Seth (praise Seth!), Dean (I-am-sick of you), Gabe (we have no FOTO JC's in the shtetle!), Amanda (Danny does have a perky butt, doesn't he?), Zach (my favourite habiv), Danny (my homeboy--you have till Labor Day!), and Kate (Kate, who bulkloads great). I had a great time working with you intellectuals. Also, thanx to "M" for enlightening me in your powerful novel, "the Sensuous Man"....

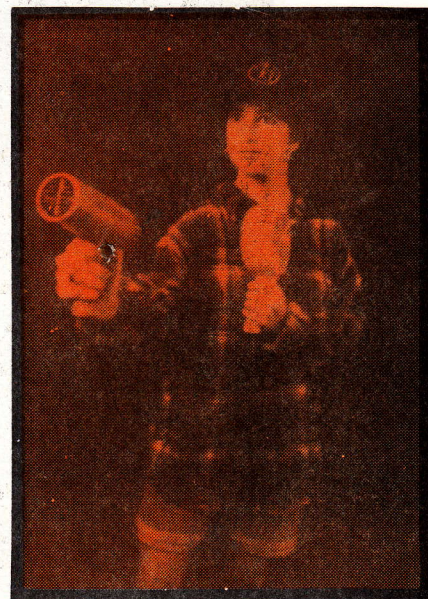


And to all my fellow Octagonians, thanx for putting up with my singing and loud boots at 1:30 AM. Love to the Octagonians (luv ya stixi and vegameister!), the Tent Dwellers, the Porch Buddies, and all boy CIT's--Thanx for a wonderful summer.

Long live Cup o' Noodles (BEEF), Cajun Man, automatic agitators, yummy chocolate chip snack cookies, potassium ferricyanide, ferric ammonium citrate, TAZ, Stayfan, nights chillin' with Ed Budd & the Monkey & meat pizza, and of course, a big I LOVE YOU to everyone in "Marvin and the Martians"-- we rule!! So much for "Tangerine"...

SEE YA'LL IN '93!!

ALANNA YUDIN



Kate Fried: *Photo Editor*

This has been a watermellon slurping, knee-slapping, foot crack'in summer, filled with Photo Shop quotes, rainy days, and lazy, hazy nights on the porch. As always, there are several hundred ultra-special individuals who I couldn't have survived the summer without:

To Seth, Dean Dean the Bulkloading Machine, and Amanda: so long guys. Thanx for everything, including Squeeze, St. Matthew's Passion, and dance lessons.

To Gabe: Thanx for the wisdom and the "worldly" advice. I'll miss you dearly. Remember, you'll always have a ski house in Amherst. (Provided that you bring along a keg and cute Chappaqua men.)

To Alanna, Zach (Habiv), and Dan: May the photo goddess bless you with perfect kallitypes.

To Jackie: My bestest buddy. After four years you know it's coming. Keep on dreaming babe.

To Steve Ansel: I never did audition for one of your shows. Oh well. This editorial will have to do. Shine on you crazy diamond.

To Debbie and Dan G: My favorite "photo family." We've bonded like crazy glue this summer.

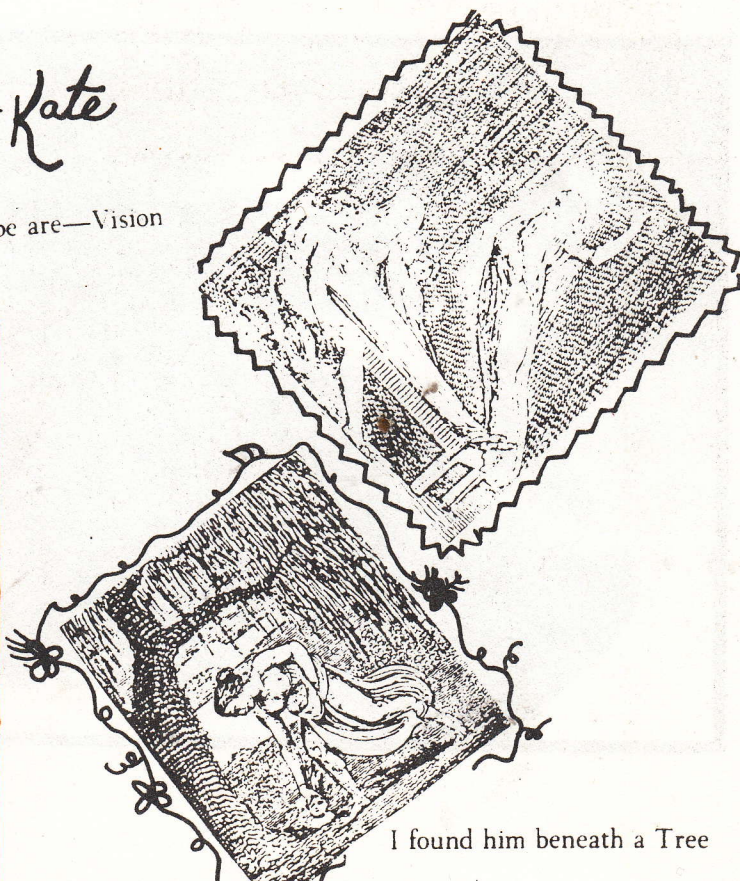
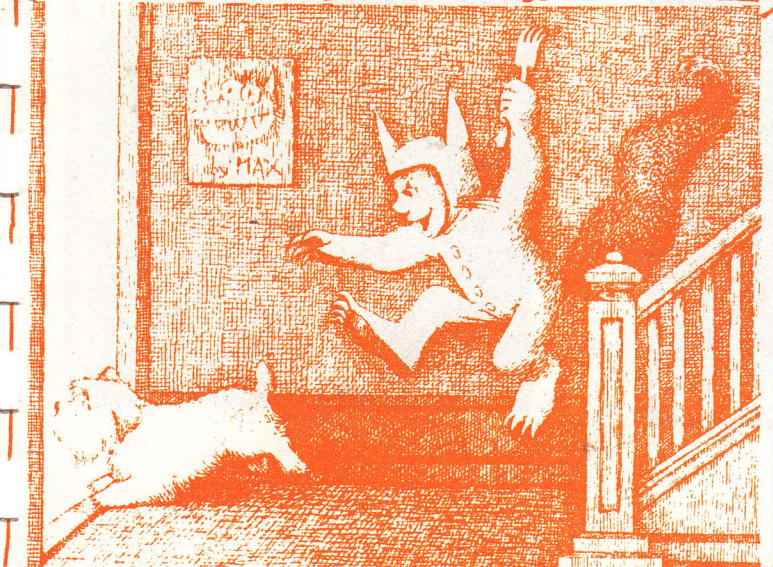
To Holly Braid, Nicole Diamond, Heather, Cora, Sam, Josh Blumberg, Zach Lutwick and Lili Kalish, Carrie P, Lauren C, Kim Prywes, Mike Feldman, Serena Silver, and Jenny Seeche: I love you all dearly. Thanks for making my CIT summer a memorable one.



-Kate

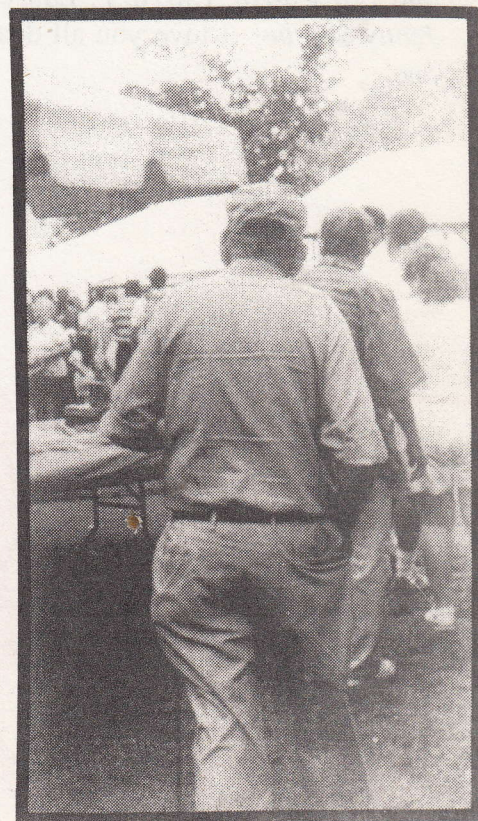
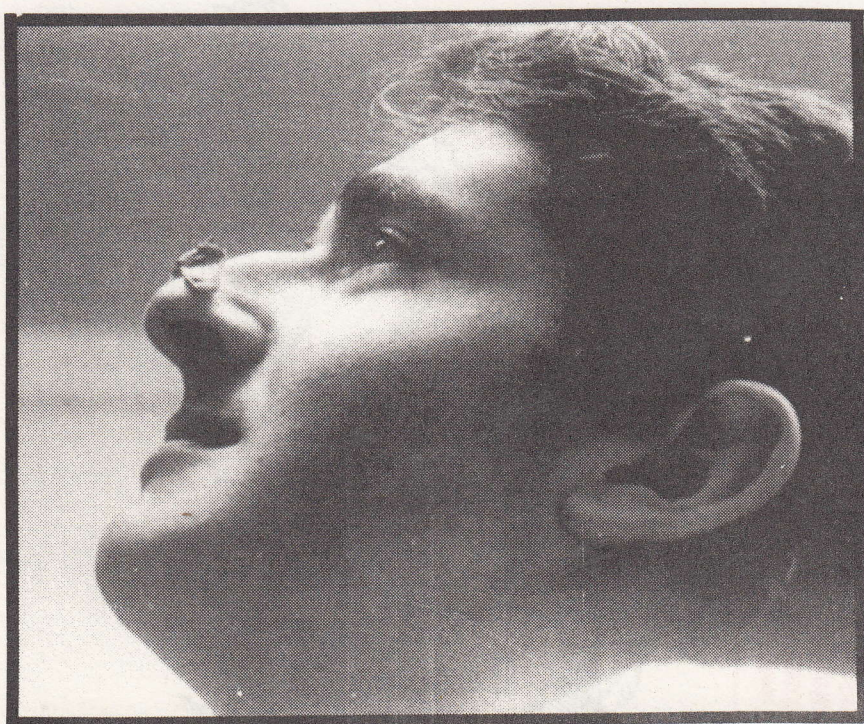
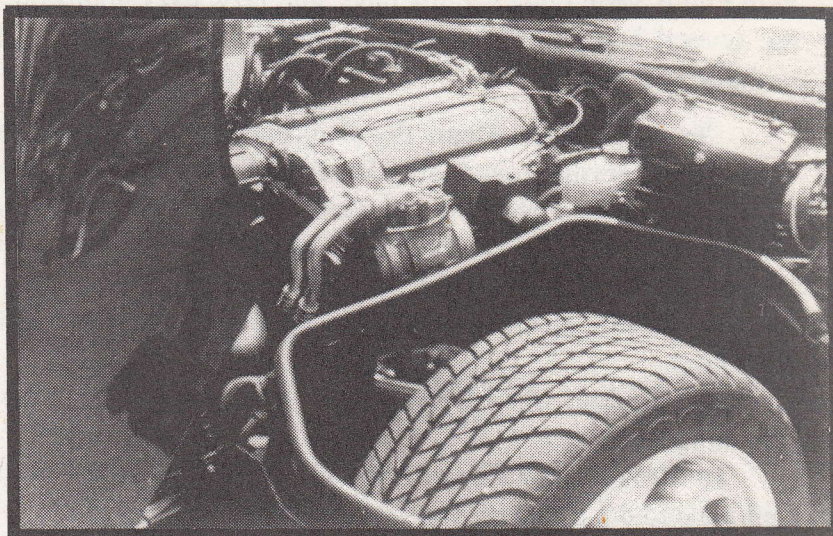
Fear & Hope are—Vision

My Self-Portrait



I found him beneath a Tree

**'Iggy'- Assistant to the Assistant's Assistant
for Moral Support and some photos by Alanna Yudin.**

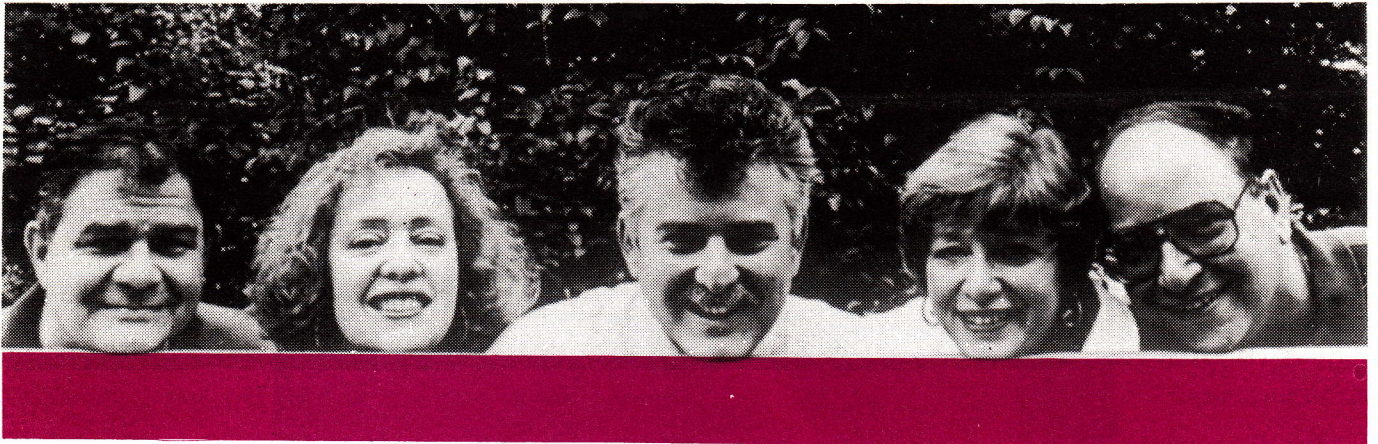


Finale

"Between beginning and end, between birth and death
may you be nourished by your hopes without losing sight
of reality and the limitations reality imposes."

~Ernst Bulova '79

DIRECTORS' MESSAGE



"Attitude is the mind's paintbrush. It can color any situation." For fifty years, people have come to Buck's Rock, packing expectations and dreams neatly into their trunks and duffle bags, the attitudes of both campers and staff members combining themselves like the ingredients in a complex recipe.

You may be reading this yearbook on the very night it was presented to you. Or you may be reading it after you've been home for a few days. Or perhaps months or even years later. The summer of '92 has now taken its place in the files of your mind's memory bank. There it will remain, for the rest of your life. And, together with a mosaic of your other life experiences, it can be called up for reflection whenever you wish. You will always be able to peruse its contents, determine exactly what Buck's Rock meant to you, and then file it away once again.

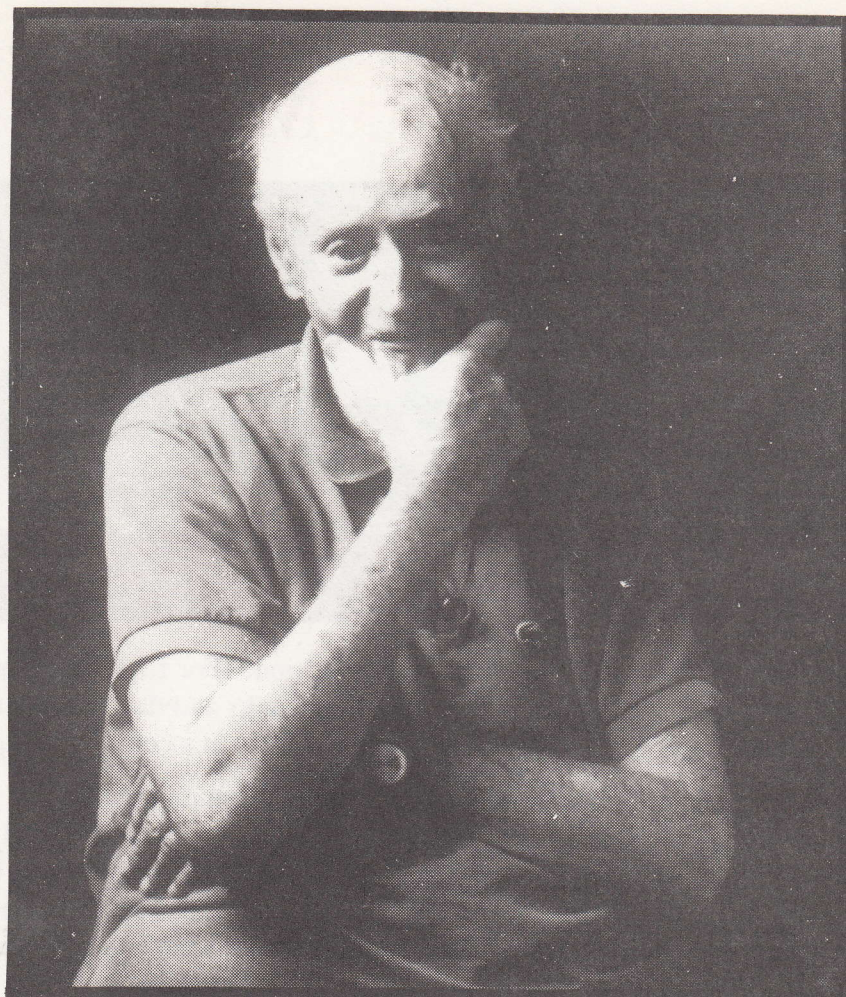
Perhaps you didn't realize it while the days of summer were racing past you, but you and Buck's Rock had entered into a symbiotic relationship: you brought your attitudes and strengths to the camp, while the camp offered all of its possibilities to you. And if it was a good fit, then what a wonderful experience it must have been.

Think of all the changes which have occurred at Buck's Rock since the first campers came here. The land has changed, new buildings have been constructed, shops and activities have expanded, even a new swimming pool has taken the place of the old waterhole...in fact, the entire world has turned inside out and back again. Society's values have similarly undergone a remarkable transformation, and our attitudes towards the world around us are no longer predictable. New forms of music and art have expanded our thinking. Inventions have changed how we lead our lives, with some adding to our comfort and some perhaps detracting from our sense of wonderment and imagination.

But there has been one constant throughout the years: the curiosity, ingenuity, and energy of people like you, who have come here to make your own individual statement, and discover your own sense of purpose through the work you've done and the relationships you've had. For this reason, each summer at Buck's Rock is unique and original, and is, as this yearbook suggests, composed of a mosaic of different kinds of people, and talents, and strengths. Buck's Rock '92 was in this sense shaped by all of you; its character, its energy was formed from a collective community--one with a history strong and flexible enough to allow for difference and change.

Therefore, as Summer 1992 draws to a close, as we add this experience at Buck's Rock to the forty-nine years of experiences which came before it, we know that you have helped to sustain and keep energized a wonderful, magical place, a place which will continue to ensure the freedom to create, to learn, to remember, and, most importantly, to imagine.

R. M. ... Ed



All The World's A Stage
For Summersnow--
But none will experience this
Falling sensation as **Buck's Rock**.
For here **Millions Of Suns**
Melt together
"When the spirit says sing"
A Melody is instantly heard.
A strong tune that echoes throughout the sky,
But only heard by few,
By those embedded in a **Matrix**
Where small fragments of the summer
Are protected.
No **Encore** is given,
Each **Summer Solstice** brings
A Unique song which never contains a **Coda**.
Each camper
Cherishes a different song
And brings it into adulthood.
This is called **Imago**:
When a dream never dies.

Randee Jill

A LOOK INTO THE PAST:

50 Years of Buck's Rock

The 1992 Buck's Rock yearbook is a retrospective issue which marks the first fifty years of the camp's existence. In your shop articles, we asked you to reflect upon the changes which your areas and activities had undergone throughout the camp's history. We also compiled a special historical section that celebrates the Buck's Rock of then and now, including several pages of photographs which were originally published in old camp yearbooks. These pictures depict a variety of camp scenes from decades ago, and we hope that they will shed some light on the lives of early Buck's Rockers for the readers of 1992's MOSAIC.

This historical section also contains a written interview with Dr. Ernst Bulova which I conducted with Michael Feldman. The answers that the camp's founder provided are extremely informative and enjoyable to read, and anyone that is even slightly interested in the camp's history should take the time to peruse it. Besides the fact that you will learn about your camp's history, you will also be impressed by Ernst's lifelong effort for improved education and pacifism. Despite the progress of the last fifty years, we find that more work lies ahead before these goals are reached.

Joshua Blumberg



KODAK SAFETY FILM



KODAK SAFETY FILM



KODAK SAFETY FILM



IMAGES FROM 1968



KODAK SAFETY FILM



KODAK SAFETY FILM



KODAK SAFETY FILM



Editors

Editors-in-Chief
 Randee Schneider
 Serena Silver

Writing

Joshua Blumberg
 Michael Feldman
 Brandon Goldstein
 Arie Rubenstein

Art & Layout

Emily Ryan Lerner
 Nick Cammer Malis
 Matthew Velick

Production

Jennifer Berson
 Lisa Sklar

Moral Support

Molly Bloom
 Nicole Diamond

Photo Editors

Zachary Brown
 Kate Fried
 Daniel Walfish
 Alanna Yudin

Archivist

Roy Berman

Writers

Heather Andes
 Robyn Balkin
 Jon Berger
 Jennifer Berson
 Molly Bloom
 Joshua Blumberg
 Jeffery Paul Bobrick
 Jenny Brandes
 Adam Brin
 Jon Brooks
 Zachary Brown
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Cover

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Production

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OOPS!

The Clowning, Music, and Art, and Ceramics photos were taken by Stefan Bondell.

The New Milford 8, Video, and WBBC photos are by Salsa DaWoman.

The Archery photo is by Eric Sandler.

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Advisors

Publications

Bob Dicke, coord.

Erika Bishop

Susan Consaga

Denise Dowling

Brandon Goldstein

Michael Hingley

Ian Jackson

Steven Newman

Randee Schneider

Lisa Sklar

Paul Tuchmann

Sandro Weiss

Kathleen Wojciechowski

Robyn Zwar

Zobyn

Photo

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Dean Randazzo

Amanda Saslow

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Alanna Yudin

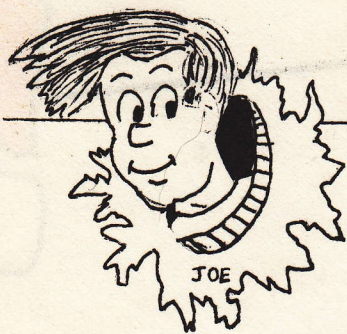
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P.S. The editorial staff of *Mosaic* would like to extend an extremely large "thanks" to Elizabeth Stein, who spent the summer of 1990 organizing the archives that allowed us to make yearbook number fifty so amazing.

YES THEY'RE BACK AGAIN:

THE OFFICIAL Joe & Shmoe AUTOGRAPH PAGE



Nick Cameron Ph.D. 42



A
Page to
Write
Upon

REUNION

Sunday Dec.6, 1992

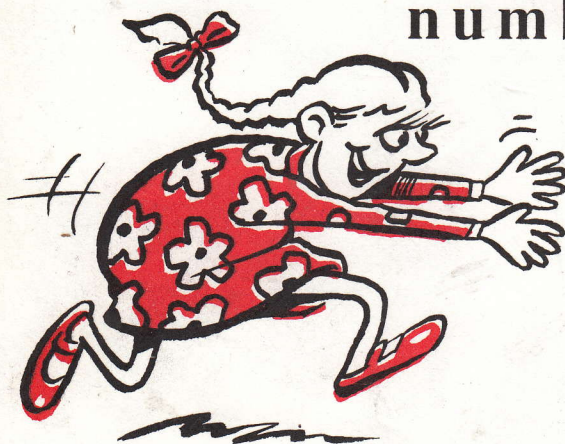
Ethical Culture Center

2-5 pm

2 WEST 64th ST.

NY 10023

...And get ready for summer
number 51!





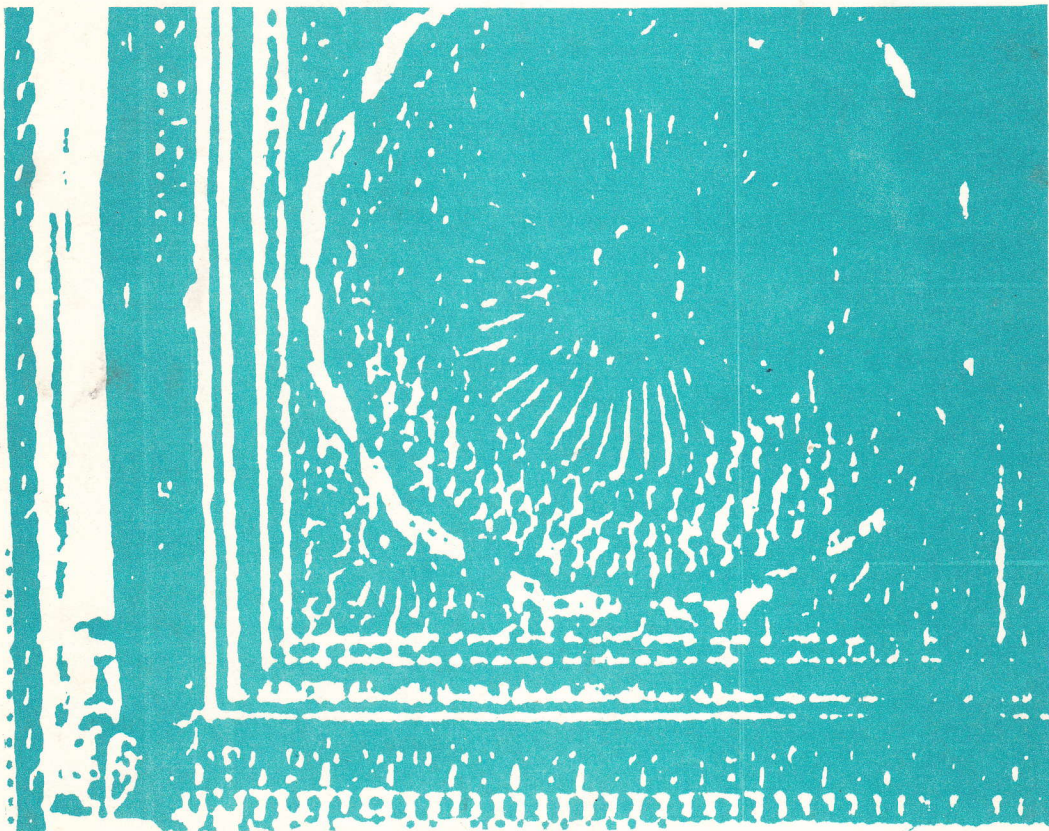
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thing left to say ...



HOT TAMALES!!!



Yearbook 1992



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